The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1932 No. 3487

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 499
EDITORIALS:
Hitler's Victory 501
Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment 502
Why We Must Cancel 503
How to Save Money 503
Fathers and Sons 504
PIGS, PLOWS, AND CHARITY. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 505
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE—ITS LIMITATIONS AND ITS PROMISE. By Leo Wolman 508
RUSSIA'S NEW RELIGION. By Henry Raymond Mussey 511
PATRICK GEDDES. By S. K. Ratcliffe 513
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 514
CORRESPONDENCE 515
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 517
FINANCE: THE BOND-PURCHASE PLAN. By S. Palmer Harman 517
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:
Summation. By Leslie Nelson Jennings 518
Youth Also Is Doomed. By Joseph Wood Krutch 518
"Dry Hollows of the Mind." By Eda Lou Walton 519
Proletarian Fiction. By Edwin Seaver 519
Who Controls Industry? By Gardiner C. Means 520
Books in Brief 521
Art: The World of Florine Stettheimer. By Paul Rosenfeld 522
Music: What is American Music? By Arthur Mendel 524
Drama: Naughty, Naughty. By Joseph Wood Krutch 525

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

Dramatic Editor JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Literary Editor HENRY HAZLITT

Contributing Editors

HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $6.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ALMOST SINCE THE BEGINNING of the depression, the Federal Reserve banks, largely, one supposes, under the stimulus of the Treasury Department and of the Administration, have been trying to turn the tide by forcing more credit on the market. They have done this chiefly through the purchase of government securities. Whereas in 1929 their total holdings of government bonds amounted to only $147,000,000, they now amount to $1,078,000,000. Perhaps even more significant than the total figure is the rate of its recent growth. For example, on April 22, 1931, the twelve Reserve banks held $598,000,000 of government bonds; on April 6 of this year they held $885,000,000, on April 13, $985,000,000, and on April 20, $1,078,000,000, which represents an increase in two weeks which is larger than the total amount held in 1929. George L. Harrison, governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, recently testifying before a House Banking and Currency sub-committee, implied that the Reserve banks now intend for some time to buy at least $75,000,000 of government securities weekly. The ultimate object of all this is to "raise commodity prices." The only obvious effect of the policy so far has been to sustain the market for government securities. But suppose the prices of commodities were raised? If we retain the dollar at the present gold parity, then by raising such prices above the world level we should only further imperil our already throttled export market. A more probable effect of the policy, if persisted in, would be to shake confidence, not only abroad but at home, in our ability to remain on the gold basis. This would lead to gold withdrawals, which would compel a policy of loan contraction to protect the diminished gold reserve—exactly the opposite of the object that the Federal Reserve authorities profess to have in view.

SAID GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT in his speech at St. Paul on April 18: "This government is not and never shall be governed by a plutocracy." Toward the end of his address, speaking of Woodrow Wilson, in whose Administration he served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor Roosevelt said: "It was the voice [Woodrow Wilson's] that the people of the country recognized as the authentic and clear spokesman of the Jeffersonian heritage." Very well, but what did this authentic and clear voice of Woodrow Wilson say about the control of this government? If the Governor will turn to Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom" he will find therein this statement: "Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests. It has not controlled these interests and assigned them a proper place in the whole system of business; *it has submitted itself to their control.*" A little later Mr. Wilson said: "The government, which was designed for the people, has got into the hands of bosses and their employers, the special interests. An invisible empire has been set up above the forms of democracy." He added that the "silent revolution" was coming because "America will insist on recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interest." Will Governor Roosevelt have the effrontery to assert that the conditions which Woodrow Wilson described in 1912 were changed by him, or by his Administration, or by the World War? No; our plutocracy is more than ever in the saddle. As a whole, the Governor's speech was marked by the usual platitudes and was without merit except for its discussion of the tariff.

THAT SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON has come out for recognition of the Soviets by the United States is of very great significance. If it was coincident with the reiteration by the stupid Daughters of the American Revolution of their opposition to recognition, it also accompanied many rumors in Washington to the effect that practically all the leading officials are now ready for recognition and that if and when the step will be taken depends almost solely upon the President. Senator Robinson's statement was followed by a similar announcement from Senator Hiram Johnson. There should be no question about acting. We are in the throes of a dreadful depression; we have lost a large part of the great trade we were building up with Russia, and here is by far the greatest opportunity for reviving our export trade to be found anywhere in Europe. The Soviets are today the oldest and most stable government in Europe, the only one without unemployment and with a definite program. They are giving to Germany and to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England the huge contracts that were formerly being placed here—and ten millions of our workers are on the streets, many of them approaching despair. Senator Robinson, of course, points out that recognition would "not involve approval of the political policies of the Soviet Republics." Naturally it would not.

GREAT BRITAIN has now finally joined the ranks of the protectionist countries. The MacDonald Government has abandoned all pretense that its general tariff policy, adopted after the Conservative landslide of last October, was ever meant to be temporary or a mere expedient to help balance the British budget. Responding to instructions to impose additional duties "for the protection of home industry," the Government's Import Duties Advisory Committee recommended that the general tariff, which had been fixed at 10 per cent ad valorem, be increased to 20 per cent, that the rate on semi-luxuries and luxuries be set at 25 to 30 per cent, and the tariff on certain iron and steel products at 33⅓ per cent. The new rates became effective April 26. It is true that the policy adopted last winter was followed almost immediately by increases in other European tariffs, which proved harmful to British trade. The only answer the British could think of was to meet the reprisals with still further increases. So the tariff war goes on. The latest broadside hits American trade particularly hard. It is too early to say just what the cost will be in dollars and cents, though a preliminary survey shows that the new tariff will directly affect about $350,000,000 worth of our trade with Great Britain. But the psychological effect may prove much more harmful.

ALL IS NOT QUIET in India, the assurances of British officialdom notwithstanding. Indian determination has not been broken; eagerness for freedom grows steadily stronger; the same elements that have defeated ruthless oppression in other struggles are operating now, but with accelerated pace. The recent arrest of more than 650 Congress supporters at New Delhi, including the last of the better-known Nationalist leaders, has demonstrated that there is an undying will on the part of the rebellious natives of India. The brutal ordinances have merely strengthened that will and have called forth a sublime indifference to beatings, imprisonment, or worse. The number of Nationalists arrested since the recent struggle began has passed the 50,000 mark, and is rapidly nearing the figure of 60,000 which was the peak of imprisonment two years ago. That any permanently successful settlement can be achieved without the sanction of the Indian National Congress, no one but a confirmed imperialist could believe. The courage that makes Congress followers travel miles to a banned meeting, knowing perfectly what is ahead, is something that can never be broken by jails and lathis. The cause of Indian freedom goes forward with every sign of weakness on the part of the authorities.

NOT SINCE THE MURDER of Sacco and Vanzetti has anything happened more likely to create the spirit of revolt in America than the refusal of Governor Rolph of California to pardon Tom Mooney. If there ever was a political document, a stump speech appealing to votes of the conservatives, it is the memorandum accompanying the Governor's message, which actually berated the protestants against this horrible imprisoning of an innocent man on the ground *that they did not sufficiently allow for his bad record prior* to the alleged crime of the Preparedness Day procession! It has long been obvious that the Governor would not pardon Mooney, else he would have decided long ago. Had he been a statesman he would have given this tortured man the benefit of every doubt. Had he been desirous of seeing to it that, as far as lay in his power, a wise mercy should temper justice—if he thought it was justice to keep an innocent man in prison—he would have raised the prestige of the courts and governments throughout the country by a stroke of his pen within a few weeks of taking office. Nor would he have allowed his decision to be accompanied by sneers at those thousands of honest men and women who have sought to free Mooney. We sincerely trust that this performance will be properly punished by the voters of California in the next election. Meanwhile the agitation for justice for Mooney must not die down for a single second.

TO MARGARET SANGER, noble woman and gallant pioneer that she is, deserved recognition is coming at last. At a remarkable dinner given for her in New York on April 20 there was presented to her a gold medal on behalf of the American Woman's Association, representing forty different women's organizations engaged in philanthropic enterprise in the city of New York. We cannot forbear quoting from the recommendation that the award be made to Mrs. Sanger the following sentences: "She has fought a battle against almost every influence which in the past was considered necessary for the success of a cause. She has devoted her life to that highest of all pursuits, social welfare. She has opened the doors of knowledge and thereby given light, freedom, and happiness to thousands caught in the tragic meshes of ignorance. She has borne her hardships gallantly, has been a good mother, a true friend, and an example in human understanding and sympathy." In these sentiments everyone who knows Mrs. Sanger and her fight must concur. As she said in her speech of acceptance, it was a new experience for her to receive a medal in place of the usual police warrant. But there she was, honored by many men and women of social and intellectual distinction, she who once spent months in jail for her belief. It is gratifying to report, too, that her "medical" bill to legalize the dispensation of contraceptive information by the medical profession has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Frank W. Hancock of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and is to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Henry D. Hatfield of West Virginia. All honor to them; we hope they will receive great commendation.

WE ARE GLAD to be able to report that Columbia University has reinstated Reed Harris, the expelled editor of the daily *Spectator*, and that the university maintained to the last that Lewis Carrollian atmosphere upon which we commented last week. In the presence of the opposing attorneys Mr. Harris's registration was declared reestablished; a few seconds later Mr. Harris tendered his resignation. Nevertheless, it seems to us that Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union is entirely justified when he says: "Columbia University's reinstatement of Reed Harris is a plain confession of error." It acknowledges the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public condemnation of the expulsion and it states in plain terms the university's adherence to the principle of free speech. Harris's resignation is, moreover, declared to be entirely voluntary and not the result of any preliminary bargaining. As for the statement of the university that it "sustains" the action of Dean Hawkes, that is plainly nonsensical in view of the fact that it has just reversed the action in question. The incident is closed but it will not be forgotten. Any administrative officer will now think twice before exercising his disciplinary authority in a way likely to arouse a legitimate suspicion that he has forgotten the university's promise to respect the student's right of free speech.

WHEN THE AMERICAN FRIENDS Service Committee celebrated its fifteenth anniversary at the end of April, it had every reason to be proud of its record. Founded in the stress of the World War, it was not satisfied to be the agency responsible for distributing more than $25,000,000 in money and "gifts in kind" to the war-torn peoples of Europe; nor to rebuild portions of the devastated regions with the labor of war objectors; nor to bring into areas charged with bitterness the healing fairness and serenity which are so often the peculiar mark of the Friends. The development of Quaker centers abroad, in cooperation with Friends of other countries, became, to adopt the Quaker terminology, "a concern." No one visiting these centers in France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and elsewhere could fail to be impressed by the hold they have secured on the loyalty of internationalists. The sending of capable persons abroad for special services of good-will has become an established and effective practice of the committee. In periods of distress among the most seriously oppressed workers in the United States the Friends have also brought succor and cheer; they have, for example, been feeding some 30,000 children in the mining regions at least one meal a day. But no enterprise of the Friends' Committee yet undertaken surpasses in social significance its peace caravans, squads of young people storming the countryside on behalf of peace, or its scholarly but adventurous institutes of international relations, which have grown from simple experiments until they now include summer sessions at Haverford, Wellesley, and Northwestern. To the committee our congratulations, and our hopes for a long life of further pioneering.

THE TRAGIC DEATH by drowning of Edward T. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian,* cannot be less than a severe blow to that distinguished newspaper, as it is a loss to liberalism everywhere. The son of C. P. Scott, whose long career ended only last year, E. T. Scott was an excellent journalist, an editor of great ability and judgment, a most competent leader writer. With the aid of W. P. Crozier, the news editor, he had fully maintained the superiority of the *Manchester Guardian.* He was a resolute liberal who could have been counted on not to sacrifice his principles under any pressure. Indeed, he held the straightest course in the crisis of last year when there was much temptation to an editor to yield to the superficial clamor for national unity in the face of what was falsely represented to be a national crisis. There are so few men of Mr. Scott's ability and journalistic conscience to be found in journalism anywhere that the disappearance of one of them makes the whole world poorer.

Hitler's Victory

PRUSSIA has now to choose between a frankly reactionary government and a liberal dictatorship. Whether its leaders will accept the former rather than experiment with the latter depends largely upon the courage of the Catholic Party. In any case the liberal parties of the decade-old Weimar Coalition are now in the minority and they no longer can govern the largest German state in accordance with normal democratic methods. That is the meaning of Adolf Hitler's great vote in the Prussian elections. It has placed the fascist leader, for the first time since his spectacular rise, in a position to bargain for political power. Although the National Socialists and their allies did not win enough seats in the Prussian Diet to give them an absolute majority—together they lack only nine votes—the Nazis were returned as the largest single party. What is more important, no majority government can be erected without them.

In the new Diet there will be 422 votes, so that 212 are necessary to a majority. Even if it were possible to bring the Social Democrats and Communists together, which is not dreamed of, these two Marxian parties would control between them only 150 seats. The Weimar Coalition, which under Prime Minister Braun has ruled Prussia since 1920, and which includes the Catholic Center, the State Party, and the Social Democrats, now has altogether only 162 seats. The parties of the Nationalist Opposition, including the Nazis, the Nationalists, and several minor groups, command 203 votes in the new Diet. The only workable combination that would guarantee a relatively stable majority government would have to embrace the parties of the Nationalist Opposition on the one hand and the Catholic Center on the other. Obviously such a combination would result in a reactionary government, for it would be dominated to a considerable extent by Hitler and Hugenberg. Thus it is left almost entirely to the Catholics, and particularly to Chancellor Brüning, leader of the Catholic Party, to decide whether or not to make this compromise with the forces of reaction. Primarily through Brüning's political skill the Nazis have thus far been kept out of the German government. The Chancellor has shown them no mercy in repelling their attacks. It appears as if Brüning must now either surrender to the fascists, or else go to the extreme length of supporting a minority dictatorship in Prussia.

If the Catholics choose the latter course, they will unquestionably be inviting trouble, for it is to be doubted that the party which has shown itself the largest and strongest in Prussia will meekly submit to being governed by a minority group, especially in view of the fact that that minority is composed of its sworn enemies. But the only alternative seems to be for Brüning and the moderates to admit defeat and give way to the right radicals. However, it is possible that power will have a sobering effect on Hitler. He has already shown himself willing to temper his policies as the growth of his movement has brought him more strength. Indeed, only six weeks ago he revised his reparations policy so that today it is hardly to be distinguished from Brüning's. Hard as it may seem, an alliance with Hitler may be the safest course for Brüning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment

THE NATION has been slow to come to the belief that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is inevitable and necessary. It is now firmly of the opinion that every effort should be made to remove this issue from the arena of immediate politics by reverting to the condition which existed prior to the adoption of the amendment. While never for a moment, as our readers are well aware, in favor of legislating goodness into people, we have been among those who felt that prohibition, in its first years, bestowed untold benefits upon the working classes and contributed a great deal to the post-war prosperity of the American people by depriving the brewers and distillers of their share of the purchasing power of the nation and turning it into other and better channels. For this and other reasons we have clung to the hope that there would be a genuine and honest attempt to enforce prohibition and that, after it was no longer smart to violate the law, conditions would steadily improve. Here and there we do see signs of improvement, but on the whole, as the years have slipped by, conditions have steadily grown worse so far as the violation of the law is concerned. *The Nation*, therefore, is compelled to join those who favor the reamendment of the Constitution, admitting that a false start has been made and that the step must be retraced.

We have come to our decision today to join the forces urging repeal primarily because of the now entirely demonstrated hopelessness of obtaining enforcement from the government in this era of a collapsing capitalistic system. At least until the government is largely made over, there is obviously no chance of an efficient or honest effort to enforce the law, or to arouse public opinion to its support. The government is today absorbed in saving itself, and will be for a long time to come. Mr. Hoover is plainly as much of a hypocrite in the White House on this issue as were Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Harding. The best that can be said for him is that he, like his predecessors, cannot control his own officials; that the prohibition service and parts of the judiciary are so corrupt and so false to their oaths of office as to make it impossible for the Chief Executive to obtain their fidelity to their trust. We believe that, given an Executive who deemed law enforcement a prime duty, and a civil service of the honesty and incorruptibility of the Germans before the war and of the British at this hour, it would be possible to secure an enforcement which would practically do the trick. Today the President keeps up the false pretense of enforcement, as he misrepresented the wet Wickersham report, makes no effort to eliminate politics in the enforcement service, is oblivious to growing corruption, growing defiance of the fundamental law and the Constitution itself. There is no prospect that his successor will do anything else. Under the circumstances what is there left but to ask for repeal?

We hope that both the parties in their coming conventions will let the world know exactly where they stand, that they will not be content with vague generalities, that they will definitely demand repeal. As our readers will recall, we have for years been urging a popular referendum upon this subject—that referendum which the dry forces now seem graciously disposed to grant. We had envisaged the taking of a poll of all the voters of the country by the Congress; we have believed that it could be authorized at a single session, and that Congress could provide such a nation-wide referendum without having to go through the process of amending the Constitution. A Congress which could vote at the outbreak of war for a census of all our youth between certain ages, and could create almost overnight the machinery for registering those liable to the draft, could also find a way of achieving a referendum on the prohibition question in a short time, provided that it, and the Administration, seriously undertook to do so. We are now, however, prepared to go farther. We urge that the Congress take advantage of the amending clause of the Constitution, vote a substitute amendment abolishing the Eighteenth, and call upon the several States to ratify this change, not by their legislatures but by conventions specially elected for the purpose of passing upon this question and upon no other.

This is a device never yet utilized by the Congress, which has heretofore asked ratification of amendments in the other constitutional way, that is, through ratification by three-quarters of the legislatures of the Union. It has the obvious advantage that delegates to such conventions need only answer one question: "Are you for repeal, or are you against it; are you wet or dry?" There could be no equivocating, no hiding behind other issues, for no other could come before these conventions. There would thus be offered to the voters of the States a genuine referendum. If they were opposed to revocation through the recall of the Eighteenth Amendment, they could make it plain by electing dry delegates to such conventions.

Should the conventions decide in favor of retaining the amendment, there would be nothing left, we admit, but to continue the process of education until reform was achieved. As far back as April 17, 1929, *The Nation* said editorially that the "existing condition is intolerable," that there must either be enforcement or repeal. Since that time conditions have grown so unspeakably worse that there appears to us today to be no alternative to repeal. That does not mean that we are to turn the country over to the saloon or to the liquor traffic. Practically ever since *The Nation* was founded in 1865 its editors have looked upon the drink traffic as one of the greatest of evils, and have hoped for the day when it would be so limited, if not abolished, as to end the horrible waste of human lives and treasure which the old saloon system involved. We shall continue to fight for rigid control and for the reeducation of the country in the direction of temperance. But for the moment this end must be subordinated to the question of repeal, and so must the question of what system shall take the place of the present rule by bootleggers. The one and only thing today is so to mass public opinion that the party conventions will act, and after them the Congress—both, we hope, before the coming summer ends. The slate must be wiped clean before the new start is made.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why We Must Cancel

OF all the opponents of cancelation or reduction of war debts among our political leaders—and those opponents include, unfortunately, nearly all our political leaders—Senator Borah is without doubt the most intelligent. His argument against ex-Governor Smith's proposal in the Senate was in some respects a model of what such an argument should be.

Mr. Borah began by contending that the United States, in its funding settlements, has already canceled the major part of the debt originally owing to it. At the time of those settlements, he holds, we reduced the debt from a total of $12,000,000,000 to a capitalized "present value" of only $5,800,000,000—"a cancelation of approximately $7,000,000,000." This involved a scaling down of Great Britain's obligations by 19.7 per cent, of France's by 52.8 per cent, and of Italy's by 75.4 per cent. Mr. Borah then went on to subject Mr. Smith's proposal to a realistic analysis, and showed—what *The Nation* pointed out in commenting upon Mr. Smith's plan last week—that it would not, in the direct way the ex-Governor assumed it would, lead to any increased purchases here by the Allied nations, and that it amounted, in reality, to cancelation. The next step in Mr. Borah's argument was to contend that there was no reason to assume that our debtors could not meet their obligations to us. He pointed out that our debt called for only 2.45 per cent of the total budget of Belgium, only 3.75 per cent of that of Great Britain, only 1.41 per cent of that of Italy, and only 2.65 per cent of that of France; and that even these amounts have been more than offset by the receipts of these nations from Germany. And finally, Mr. Borah contended, it would be futile for us to cancel the debts as long as present conditions in Europe prevail.

> I should be delighted to see a program proposed which would have for its purpose relieving the conditions in Europe [but] the economic war, the financial war, has never ceased. . . . So long as the peace treaties remain unrevised and in their present form, there will be that continuation of intellectual, emotional, and spiritual war, and there will be, in my opinion, no disarmament in Europe of any moment or of any worth.

The great weakness of this apparently formidable argument lies in the crucial things that it does not say. Mr. Borah talks of "the economic war," by which he can only mean the world-wide system of strangulating tariffs, but he has not a word of rebuke for the United States, the country that is more responsible than any other for that system. He talks of the size of the debts in relation to national budgets, but has nothing to say about the much more relevant problem of transfer, the problem of selling an excess of goods to us of this amount—a problem which our tariff policy attempts to make insoluble. Mr. Borah's position apparently is that we cannot cancel or reduce Europe's debts to us until a sort of millennium has been achieved, until Europe is cleansed of her sins and washed in the blood of the lamb. He is shocked at the military expenditures of our debtors, but he does not say one word about our own military expenditures, which this year will amount to $721,000,000, greater than that of any of the countries he criticizes.

But Mr. Borah's argument is weak not only in its omissions but in its affirmations. He declares that "the key to the European situation, good or bad, is the reparations problem. If Europe cannot solve the reparations problem, if they are unable to adjust that problem, it is useless to talk to the American taxpayer about aiding Europe by canceling debts." It is curious that it has never occurred to Mr. Borah to look at his own statement from the other side. His proposition to Europe—and incidentally our own present official proposition—is in effect this: that for the sake of restoring economic stability in the world, France and England and Italy should cut down the reparations drastically or wipe them out entirely—that these countries should make the sacrifices, and that the United States should not sacrifice in turn one penny of its claims on them. Does Mr. Borah, or does anyone else, seriously expect that Europe will accede to such a proposal? *The Nation* has never believed that the United States should forgive the debts without a *quid pro quo*. We may announce quite plainly to our European debtors that we will wipe out their obligations to us only on condition that they wipe out Germany's obligations to them. Until we make such a statement we cannot expect Europe to act.

The debt payments, which Mr. Borah is so anxious to preserve for us, amount to $270,000,000 a year. Our national income in 1929 was estimated at $84,000,000,000. On the basis of present indices of trade and employment, that income has shrunk to a present rate of about $56,000,000,000. As long as the present depression lasts, therefore, we may assume ourselves nationally to be losing an income of $28,000,000,000 a year. But Mr. Borah will be able proudly to point to the fact that while we are losing it, we are saving—if the debts are really paid—$270,000,000. That is, we are saving nearly a penny in paper debts for every dollar we are losing in stagnation.

How to Save Money

THE inconsistencies of our federal Veterans' Bureau have been made public often enough. It would hardly be necessary to discuss them now if the question of government economy were not so furiously to the fore in a period of hard times and of national inability to balance the budget. President Hoover, while he was proposing, as a matter of economy, a compulsory furlough for government employees which would take 9 per cent from a salary of $1,350 a year, also proposed cuts in payment of allowances to war veterans. The latter reductions amounted to from $23,000,000 to $59,000,000, according to various estimates, or from 2 to nearly 6 per cent of a veterans' budget of one billion dollars. One may note incidentally that the Federal Children's Bureau will probably suffer a cut in its budget of at least 25 per cent.

The cuts proposed by the Administration were to be made not in general but in the following directions: No person having an income of $1,500 (if single) and $3,500 (if married) and $400 additional for each dependent (in other words no person paying federal income tax) should be entitled to any allowance or pension or free hospitalization except those suffering from combat disability. Second, no person receiving free treatment or subsistence in a government

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hospital or home should receive more than $20 a month if without dependents or $75 a month if with dependents. To many taxpayers it may come as somewhat of a surprise that a part of the money they pay for the conduct of the government should go to the support of persons who are already earning incomes equal to their own. The wisdom of these cuts, small as they are and slight in comparison to the entire veterans' budget, would seem to be obvious to everyone. Indeed, one may go farther and point out that those veterans who are paying income tax and who are at the same time drawing disability allowances from the government are actually paying part of their own pensions in their taxes! Yet both of these suggestions for cuts have been bitterly fought over by the House Economy Committee.

It has been charged and never denied that one man receiving a salary of $9,000 a year in a government position was also receiving $187.50 a month for veteran's disability; that while the dependent of a soldier killed in France receives $20 a month government pension, veterans who have contracted some illness subsequent to their war service, and who are now receiving full salaries in other occupations, are drawing several times that amount for "disability"; according to the New York *World-Telegram*, "official records list the names of business men, lawyers, and doctors earning salaries of from $4,000 to $10,000 yearly who are getting full retirement compensation if they are '30 per cent disabled.'" The *World-Telegram* goes on:

> The grand total of [hospitalization] cases treated during the fiscal year ending 1925 was 89,542; the grand total treated at the end of the fiscal year of 1931 was 139,960. The grand total of cases treated which had service connection was 63,569 at the end of the fiscal year 1925, and 26,799 at the end of the fiscal year 1931; the grand total of cases not service-connected treated at the end of the fiscal year 1925 was 13,243 against 82,850 at the end of the fiscal year 1931.

Eighty-two thousand men are receiving government benefit, therefore, for illness contracted after their war service was ended. No one knows how many men receive allowances although they have incomes far in advance of the minimum considered necessary for the maintenance of a family of five in reasonable comfort. It cannot be denied, therefore, that even if the Veterans' Bureau were administered completely without graft—which one may doubt—and with the maximum of economy and efficiency, there would still be millions of dollars that not only could be saved the taxpayers but that ought in justice to be saved them by a reduction of this enormous budget. If a government may demand the lives of its citizens in war time, it must rightly take care of its disabled ex-soldiers in time of peace—but only so far as the need for such care exists, and surely only so far as that disablement can clearly be shown to be the result of war service. It is evident that in hesitating to regard this as an equitable basis for determining the payment of war allowances, the members of Congress engaged in drawing up an appropriations bill have been mindful of votes; but taxpayers are also voters, and not all of them are drawing government pay. Every possible pressure should be exerted on the House of Representatives to make up at least part of the economies that are admittedly so sorely needed by cuts in our largest and most heavily padded government expenditure—the Veterans' Bureau.

Fathers and Sons

IN a delightful little volume Clarence Day has just given an account of "God and My Father" (Knopf). For this momentous subject he requires only some eighty pages, but thanks to a cool objectivity which is more detached than ironical he achieves an unforgettable picture, and he produces a volume worthy in every respect except size to be placed alongside of Edmund Gosse's more ponderous tale of a Mid-Victorian father and a Late Victorian son.

The senior Mr. Day had noticed in boyhood that there were buildings called churches and though he would never have thought of inventing them himself, he regarded them as inevitable. The right sort of people went to them on Sunday and accepted them as unquestioningly as he did the banks, although he would have no more accepted dictation from one institution than he would have from the other. He disliked atheists because they were vulgar, but he believed that the church should mind its own affairs and he did not consider that these latter included either his own business or even his own soul. Sure that his own righteousness was enough, he had no desire to walk hand in hand with Jesus and, for some strange reason, he thought it improper that even a clergyman should be "one of these pious fellows." As for God, he was sure that God approved of him, though he was not quite so sure that he approved of God, since God did not seem to be quite as dependable as He ought to be. Sometimes the bonds acquired by a just man turned out to be no good, and in a properly regulated universe that would not happen. Still, he did his part, and if God was remiss, he would let Him off with a grumbling remonstrance, sure that his complaints were too reasonable to be taken amiss.

The climax of Mr. Day's account is concerned with the struggle which ensued when his more tenderly pious mother discovered by accident that her husband had never been baptized and undertook to convince him that he could *not* be a Christian—as he stubbornly insisted he was—unless he would consent to go through with that essential ceremony. But the beauty of the book lies in its analysis of a state of mind which seemed perfectly reasonable to one generation and obviously absurd to another. Such an analysis hardly needs to be made again, and we only hope that we shall live long enough to read some similar account of the impression which our own proudly sophisticated generation made upon *its* children.

Perhaps they will consider us, not too solemn, but rather not solemn enough. Already, we fancy, we have caught signs that they regard us as rather childishly improper as well as lamentably frivolous, and we had, just the other day, another experience which heightened this suspicion. We were lunching with a lady who left a most respectable family to join the Communist Party and who has been carefully educating her children in a "workers' school." Turning to her fourteen-year-old daughter she said: "Tell us that story about the policeman." And the daughter, who has not only been nourished on Marx but accustomed from earliest infancy to the loose talk of sophisticates, dropped her eyes and replied: "But, mother, that is not the sort of story I tell in mixed company." It was the one thing she had certainly never been taught to say.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pigs, Plows, and Charity*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Davenport, Iowa, April 8

HERE in the hog belt, in an industrial and trading center almost entirely dependent upon agricultural prosperity, there has been the same necessity for community charity and food doles as in the steel and automobile towns and the coal country. True, few of the farmers in the Tri-City area are suffering actual destitution. But the workers in the plow factories, tractor plants, and retail stores of Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, and other cities in this vicinity have to partake of the bread of charity because of the slump in grain and hog prices and the break in the market for farm lands. They are, however, being fed and clothed and sheltered for the time being, if not wholly satisfactorily, then at least more humanely than I found to be the case in most of the larger cities. Davenport has done its job effectively, and appears to have enough funds in sight to continue its work on the present basis until early autumn. Not so fortunate are the towns across the river in Illinois, although there, too, relief has until now been adequate, if any wholesale emergency charity can be called adequate in the year 1932. But now all the local resources of financial help on the Illinois side are drying up. According to R. B. Lourie, general manager of the Deere farm-implement factories, and one of the leaders in unemployment-relief work in Moline, "there is not enough money in sight to carry us clear through April." He was speaking especially of Moline, but he added: "From my information Rock Island is in a much more serious and difficult situation, and the same may be said of East Moline and Silvis."

Virtually every industrial activity in this section depends in some measure upon the well-being of the farmer. The six plants of the Deere interests in Moline and East Moline make agricultural implements of every kind; the Farmall works of the International Harvester Company in Rock Island make tractors; the Rock Island car shops in Silvis keep in repair much of the rolling stock used in transporting raw materials into this area and farm implements out of it, and in hauling hogs, grain, and other agricultural products to market; the Bettendorf car works near Davenport manufacture freight cars that haul the same goods; most of the smaller shops, mills, and foundries produce equipment used in the larger plants, or materials for the construction of houses for the workers in these plants, or food products to feed these people.

The World War boom—during which the Rock Island arsenal employed 16,000 workers as against a few hundred today—and the land boom that hung on into 1921 gave the Tri-City area a false feeling of prosperity and security. The crash came in 1921, and it was not until four years later that business here began to dig out from under. In the process of reconstruction the business community felt certain it was building soundly, scientifically. It did not want to have to face the agony of 1921-25 another time. Seasonal curves, the bane of the farm-implement industry, were being straightened out, employment was being regularized, and retail trade put on a steadier keel. By May, 1929, industrial activity and employment reached the highest point on record—and it was believed here as elsewhere that the apparent prosperity would endure, that the problems of local industry had been definitely solved. Yet today numerous plants, such as that of the Rock Island Plow Company, have closed down entirely and no doubt permanently. The Bettendorf works have been idle for eighteen months. The Rock Island car shops have worked with irritating irregularity; they resumed operations on a limited and temporary scale a few days ago after having been closed for ten weeks. The larger plants in Moline, which in 1929 gave full-time employment to 5,200 men, today, at the height of the busy season, can provide work for only 1,100, and not one of these employees works more than three days a week.

Records of the Illinois Department of Labor show factory employment in Rock Island to have dropped 43.6 per cent in 1931 as compared with 1930. Pay rolls fell even farther, being last year 52 per cent below the 1930 level. Average weekly earnings of the factory workers were $20.93 in December, 1931, as against $25.67 in December of the previous year, a decrease of 18.5 per cent. With the resumption of seasonal activity, employment moved up 2.6 per cent in the period from January 15 to February 15, but the wage-cutting drive was reflected in the continued decline in pay rolls, which fell 16.1 per cent in the same period, while average weekly earnings dropped to $19.60. But Rock Island's industrial situation is a happy one compared with that of Moline. Employment there decreased 75 per cent and pay rolls 84 per cent in the period from September, 1929, to November, 1931. The decreases in both categories were proportionately larger than those reported from any other Illinois city. Average weekly earnings in December, 1931, were $18.22, compared with $24.71 in December, 1930. But in January weekly earnings dropped to $16.75, and in February to $16.10. From November to March there was a seasonal increase in employment, and this brought the pay-roll totals up slightly, but at the end of March both curves turned downward once more. Though no statistics are available, it is not difficult to picture the effect this drastic slump in industrial activity has had on other business in the Moline-Rock Island territory.

Thanks largely to the diversity of its industry, Davenport has escaped some of the worst effects of the general economic depression and the agricultural slump. Its food-product factories—those making cereals, crackers, and bakery goods—have been doing remarkably well. Nevertheless, unemployment is widespread. Moreover, like Toledo and many other communities, Davenport is the victim of incompetent banking, or at least of weak banking laws. A year ago the Chamber of Commerce proudly proclaimed in a beautifully printed pamphlet that the "Davenport banks enter the year 1931 in the strongest position of their history." Yet within ten months, on September 29 to be precise, the American Commercial and Savings Bank, the largest in Davenport,

* The sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holding fully half the bank deposits of the city, closed its doors. Business activity immediately fell off 50 per cent. "If you were to examine the books of the business houses of the city," said John C. Shenk, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, "you would find that the operations of every one of them were cut in half or more when the bank failed." At the same time an untold number of white-collar workers lost their jobs, numerous professional people were wiped out, and many small storekeepers closed their doors. The American Bank owned 125 farms, acquired through foreclosures, and impossible to sell at any reasonable price. Most of its investments were in agricultural paper of one sort or another.

In southern and northwestern Iowa, in parts of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and in entire counties in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Montana, there are thousands of grain growers and hog raisers receiving public charity. But in Scott County, Iowa, of which Davenport is the seat, only a half-dozen farm families can be said to be actually destitute, and perhaps a few more than that are in want in Rock Island County on the Illinois side. Their principal product —hogs—no longer finds a profitable market. They are all, with a few interesting exceptions, in debt to the point where they can borrow no more money. The exceptions include the conservative farmers who, having more sales resistance than their neighbors, clung faithfully to their horse-drawn implements and so escaped mortgaging their future profits for years to come in order to pay for elaborate gasoline-driven machinery. Some of the farmers are renters, but are paying no rent. The landlords do not dispossess them as they know that paying tenants are almost impossible to find. However, many of these people, by selling a few dairy products and a little garden truck from time to time, manage to scrape together enough hard cash to take them to the movies occasionally, to buy new tubes for the radio, to meet their exorbitant electric bills, and to keep their automobiles running. Frank Shutter, who operates a large farm west of Davenport, said that he did not know of a single farmer in the county who had given up his automobile, or who had had his electricity turned off. On the other hand, the farmers have been economizing by going back to their horse-drawn implements, keeping their tractors idle in the sheds. As for sustenance, they have filled their cellar bins and shelves with vegetables and canned foodstuffs, and many have taken to butchering their own meat, a practice that had died out with the advent of the automobile and good roads. The farmers have been helped in recapturing this lost art by the dozens of bulletins on canning and butchering sent out by the State university—to the financial detriment of the grocers and butchers in the cities near by.

But the workers in the towns are also loaded down with debts, and their cellars are innocent of canned goods and butchered hogs. They have to take what the community can and will provide for them. The Tri-City area is a homogeneous community. Eighty per cent of its population is native-born; the bulk of its industrial and business enterprise is home-owned. It has no extremely wealthy residents and, in ordinary times, very few paupers. Its business men and factory owners have always lived close to their employees. Most of the business men have themselves in one way or another engaged in relief work, usually as members of the boards or committees of the local social agencies, and so they understand something of the human side of the unemployment problem. Nevertheless, they have made mistakes. A year and a half ago, for example, a $60,000 relief fund was raised by public subscription in Davenport. A few civic-minded business men collected the money; the existing social agencies spent it. All applicants were provided with relief and no questions were asked; no attempt was made to investigate the requests, and no limit was set on the amount or money value of the relief each applicant received. The affair ended in near disaster; the jobless were left without aid for a time; the business men admitted they had failed. They called in a stranger, O. E. Klingaman, curator of the Davenport Public Museum, an expert in social work who had lived in the town less than three years, and turned the job over to him.

The Klingaman plan is now working smoothly, not only because Klingaman has put relief on a scientific basis, but because of the willingness of the entire community, politicians as well as business men, to cooperate in administering relief. Under the present system the average unemployed family is expected to live on a $40-a-month scale. A family with no income whatever gets that amount either by way of direct relief or in the form of wages for "made" work. Families with incomes under $40 a month have the difference made up for them in direct relief. Of the $40, the sum of $5 is allocated for fuel, $5 for rent, $4 for incidentals such as gas and medicine, and the remainder goes for food. Last September the city raised $75,000 by a special tax levy to pay for "made" work. However, so heavy was the registration of the unemployed that the Chamber of Commerce in charge of relief found it necessary to finance the "made"-work program out of its own relief fund of $131,000, which was obtained in a public drive last fall. The men engaged in this work are paid 45 cents an hour, and are usually employed just long enough to give them $40 a month. Families of unemployed men who get none of this work are given direct relief in the form of grocery orders, the contents of which, for reasons of economy and diet, are made up for them in advance by the relief administration. The orders are redeemable at the local stores. City and private funds in Davenport have now been exhausted, and the financing of relief work has been taken over by the county supervisors. Unlike politicians I have met elsewhere, the members of the Scott County Board have put behind them the temptation to make political capital of the distribution of relief and are permitting the Chamber of Commerce to handle this job, the board simply paying the bills. The business men are confident that this arrangement with the county, which is hampered by no legal restrictions on the amount it may spend for poor relief, will suffice to take care of Scott County's 2,350 needy families—10,575 individuals—until next autumn, when another public campaign for funds is to be held.

In the towns across the Mississippi—in Rock Island, where 1,350 families are being helped, and in Moline, where the number on the relief rolls is only slightly less—the situation is somewhat different. There the population is likewise 80 per cent native-born, industry is home-owned, and most of the business men are active participants in the work of helping the unemployed. But that section of the Tri-City area has suffered much more from the depression than Davenport. Moreover, a survey by Edith L. Murdock, secretary of the Rock Island Welfare Association, showed that many of Rock Island's workers had been living from hand to mouth for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years before the 1929 boom collapsed. The survey covered 312 men who had applied for help. Their statements showed that 40 cents an hour was the average wage paid in the local factories instead of 60 cents as had been widely reported, and that the average monthly earnings of these men were only $70. "These people had been drifting downward for five or six years," said Miss Murdock. "The amount of their indebtedness was really appalling. One man owed $1,250 in bills that he had run up in the stores and with his doctor. That was more than he was earning in a year. Others owed as much as $600. As a result most of our small grocers and merchants are bankrupt. They are carrying too many 'bad' accounts." Rose Holland, secretary of the Moline Welfare Association, presented another view of the problem. "We hadn't cleaned up the aftermath of the 1921 depression," she said, "when this thing came along. We have been fairly loaded down here with charity work ever since the war. I hate to think how long it will take to correct the situation this depression will leave on our hands. Too many families are being broken up, too many people are getting to the point where they no longer care whether they provide for themselves. They are losing their sense of responsibility. It will take us at least ten years to clean up these problems, to get families running normal again, to help others struggle through their mountains of debts."

In December, 1930, the Rock Island *Argus* raised a relief fund for that city amounting to $25,000, which lasted only until the following March. A community drive in April netted $22,000, but this was exhausted by June 27. Since then, although another emergency drive was held, most of the financial load has been taken over by the public authorities, the greater part of the relief work being turned over to the township. Under a State law enacted a year ago the towns are now permitted to levy special taxes for poor relief. Rock Island township has in this manner obtained $94,500, but already half of this fund has been expended. And welfare officials estimate that additional private contributions for 1932 will amount to no more than $9,700. The Rock Island situation, and that in Moline as well, has been relieved to a certain extent by the larger manufacturing companies. These companies were prevailed upon to pay the grocery bills of the destitute families of men who were on their pay rolls in 1929. The International Harvester Company has been of some help in another way. Although it had no market for its tractors, it kept the Farmall works running through most of last year and up to April 1 of this year. Every available storage space in the city—the freight yards, abandoned warehouses, vacant stores—was rented or borrowed and filled with these surplus tractors. Thus numerous residents of the Tri-City area were given work that otherwise they might not have had. Last year the company disposed of a goodly number of the tractors, but there appears to be no prospect of repeating the performance this summer. And so a week or two ago the management closed down the Farmall works, and many more families had to go begging for charity.

In April, 1931, a community-fund campaign netted Moline the sum of $17,500, but this amount proved inadequate, and together with all other funds available took care of the unemployed only until September 1. It was then decided that instead of calling upon the public to shoulder the burden, the local companies and the wealthier people of the community should be asked to pay for unemployment relief. The sum of $20,000 was obtained from the factories that were in a position to reimburse the Welfare Association for relief given recognized employees. An additional $25,000 was procured by a private appeal to a limited number of Moline residents. This appeal was given no publicity. Forty-eight individuals and firms, most of the former being officers or stockholders in the Deere companies, promised that they would make monthly contributions toward relief for a period of a half-year. Individual pledges ran from $50 to $500 monthly. Besides the families being carried by the Welfare Association, the township has several hundred cases on its rolls. Last July the township raised $94,500 by means of a special tax levy. This was to last until April 1 of next year, but by March 1 of this year more than $34,000 had been spent. However, Township Supervisor Lage estimated that the remaining $60,500 would suffice if there were no increase in the number of applicants. But, he added, there has been a constant increase during the last several months.

General Manager Lourie of the Deere companies was hopeful that some additional help could be obtained from the community, but declared that "even on the basis of the welfare load not being more than it was this past year, the total budget would have to be raised to somewhere along about $130,000 to $135,000, which, of course, is absolutely out of the question. There is no question that Moline has come to the end of her string as far as raising money for this unemployment relief is concerned. Our people here for the last two years have been responding liberally, and now everybody's income has been reduced, and not only that, but men in our factories who ordinarily contributed well to these relief agencies, as well as other relief work, are now without work and without any prospect of it. We will do extremely well if we raise enough money this year to maintain the agencies that have been included in the Moline Community Chest." Lourie looked hopefully to the new Illinois Emergency Relief Fund of $18,750,000, but added that demands upon this fund from other communities, especially Chicago, were so heavy that Rock Island County might not get all that was needed. He pointed out that bad as conditions were in Moline, they were even worse in Rock Island, East Moline, and Silvis. The county has asked for $250,000 from the State, a sum that would perhaps tide the local situation over until next winter, but it appears that it will probably get no more than half that amount.

Here in the Tri-City area we have an almost perfect example of that united community effort at self-help which President Hoover has long held up to us as the only practical and American way of meeting the unemployment problem. Cooperation among the various classes and groups in the community has been better and more genuine than I found it elsewhere. The people who still have money have given generously, a few even to the point of personal insolvency. Yet the American way has clearly failed in this locality. Davenport, though it has not yet found it necessary to turn to outside sources, has nevertheless confessed that private contributions are no longer enough. Rock Island and Moline are farther along. Both private donations and the help of local government units have proved insufficient. These two cities have turned to the State for assistance, and if the State should fail them, as seems more than likely, they will have nowhere else to turn for help except Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unemployment Insurance—Its Limitations and Its Promise*

By LEO WOLMAN

THE world has now had more than twenty years of experience with many kinds of unemployment insurance. The rise and development of this latest form of social insurance has taken place under the unusual conditions of universal war-time inflation and boom, followed by successive periods of the most drastic economic and financial readjustment of which we have any record. Certainly, so far as the period since 1920 in Europe is concerned, it is fair enough to say that unemployment-insurance plans could not have encountered more difficult problems than those existing during the decade of the twenties. Europe, therefore—and in particular England and Germany—has served as a laboratory for the rest of the world and has managed somehow to handle unemployment in a new and more effective way at a time when unemployment has been abnormal both in volume and duration.

As a result of this experience it is not necessary for any country to remain in the dark concerning the important features of workable unemployment insurance and the paths which reform in existing plans and in future experiments must take. The emissaries from President Hoover recently sent to Europe for the study of foreign difficulties, wherever their facts were accurate, reported nothing that had not been known for some time by all students of the problem. And even the disclosures of the last Commission of Inquiry under the MacDonald Labor Government could not possibly have surprised anyone at all close to the English plan and familiar with current reports of the Ministry of Labor and with the findings of earlier investigations by parliamentary committees.

Since it is only sensible to learn from experience, it is best to begin this discussion with a brief appraisal of the benefits and demerits of the English scheme, which has had the longest history and which has been constantly in the public eye. Viewed simply as a source of unemployment relief, the English system of insurance has been an unprecedented achievement. Largely, if not exclusively, as a result of the unemployment insurance, English workingmen have been able to maintain their standard of living. After more than ten years of general depression in the majority of industries and virtual stagnation in the rest, it is the consensus of informed opinion that poverty in England has been reduced and that average standards of life are higher than they were before the war. Compulsory insurance, on a national scale, has proved administratively practicable. The vast machinery for the collection of contributions and the distribution of benefits, covering 12,000,000 insured workers and thousands of businesses, and charged with the operation of a national system of employment exchanges, has been administered with rare skill, honesty, and intelligence. The risk of unemployment has been, in the main, fairly and objectively defined. And the grosser manifestations of malingering have never been regarded as a serious problem by either the advocates or opponents of the insurance system.

At the same time the insurance plan has suffered from the disability of being unable to balance its budgets without large and mounting subsidies from the government. This condition, in turn, is the direct and inevitable consequence of the persistence in England of unprecedented unemployment, not alone in any single year but during each of the years from 1921 to the present. The prevalence of an unemployment rate rarely dropping below 10 per cent and often exceeding 20 per cent of the working population, with unusually long spells of idleness for thousands of workingmen, completely upset the actuarial calculations on which the original structure of rates of premiums and benefits was based. To continue to regard the English arrangement as an insurance scheme, only two possible courses of action were open to its administration—first, a radical revision of both premiums and benefits, with a view to making the plan self-supporting, and, second, the removal from under the insurance plan of all those who had technically and legally exhausted their right to insurance benefits because they had been forced by lack of work to cease all contributions into the unemployment fund. Whatever the reason, successive English governments failed to take either course, and the insurance fund fell deeper and deeper into debt. It is true, of course, that the ineligible unemployed might anyhow have been supported by the public treasury, but they would then not have been a burden on the insurance fund and their support would have been treated as a straightforward problem in public relief.

Aside from this obvious and generally admitted difficulty, which the present English government has already taken steps to remove, other important criticisms of the English system are more debatable. The English plan, as everyone knows, provides for the pooling of all unemployment premiums. The contributions by both the stable and unstable industries, therefore, flow into the same national unemployment fund, and during the kind of depression England has had since 1920, the industries with low unemployment rates have to all intents and purposes been subsidizing the more depressed industries, like coal, textiles, and shipbuilding. Those who regard unemployment as a national problem, uncontrollable by single industries, and unemployment insurance as almost exclusively a relief measure, still strongly favor the English method. Critics like Sir William Beveridge, on the other hand, believe the single pool to be the source of many evils, since it diffuses the responsibility for unemployment and imposes no effective obligation on individual employers and industries to handle their own unemployment problems. The issue here raised is one of great theoretical and practical importance, involving consideration of the preventive and relief features of unemployment insurance. But disregarding this larger question for the moment, the fact remains that the graver problems of English unemployment might in the long run have been more successfully managed through the estab-

* The fourth of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life. The fifth, on the housing problem, by Clarence S. Stein, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishment of insurance plans limited certainly to single industries and perhaps to single firms.

The charge that unemployment insurance has restricted the mobility of labor, and hence retarded inevitable adjustments in industry, is even more open to difference of opinion. The measurable facts disclose considerable mobility within the English labor market, the expansion of industry into new areas, and the rise of "new" industries. The facts are, however, not conclusive; nor can they be made so. Where unployment is the result of a multitude of the most obscure economic forces, it is plainly impossible to assign the proper weight to any one of them. It is, nevertheless, important to realize that unemployment insurance, administered poorly and on unsound principles, can effectively block the free movement of labor and that, to the extent to which it does immobilize labor, it may do a great deal of harm, not only to industry, but to the beneficiaries of insurance as well. For any form of insurance which tends to prolong unemployment and to increase the numbers unemployed, thereby seriously impairs the benefits it affords through the payment of unemployment relief.

If, then, the sponsors of proposed schemes of unemployment insurance hope to secure the solvency of unemployment funds, to achieve a fair balance between the preventive and relief features of the system, and to preserve flexibility in industrial operations, scrutiny of the history of England's insurance furnishes the experience from which the appropriate standards of legislation and administration can be obtained. While the European systems and the few American plans of unemployment insurance differ substantially in many details from the English, they all show evidence of creating much the same type of problems.

The most effective and perhaps the only safeguard of solvency is a clear and strict limitation of the right to benefit. This limitation is exercised by the application of rules fixing the ratio between the amounts of benefits paid to any unemployed person and the number of his contributions into the unemployment fund. In extreme cases the limitation may be extended to provide for the cessation of all benefits once the unemployment fund has fallen to a specified amount. These provisions are, of course, analogous to the terms of all other insurance contracts. In life insurance, for example, the face value of a policy varies directly with the amount of the premium, and the value of the policy is adjusted when the terms of the contract are changed by the failure of the policyholder to pay his premiums. If life and other insurance companies undertook to distribute benefits in accordance with need, without reference to their premium receipts, they would all shortly become insolvent.

In the administration of unemployment insurance, the enforcement of such limitations would unquestionably work great hardship on many unemployed. In all countries and at all times there are a varying number of unemployed who are in no position to pay unemployment premiums, either because they can find no jobs or because they are unemployable. How large this number is in the United States there is no way of knowing. But it is a fair guess that the unemployables and the long-time unemployed are a small proportion of the total number out of work in both normal and abnormal times. In England, where permanent unemployment is believed to be quite general, the facts do not support the prevailing view. "More or less continuous unemployment," a recent government report states, "is confined to a very small section of the insured population which cannot include more than 100,000 men and 3,000 women. This group represents the maximum size of the 'standing army' of the unemployed. The number of those who have had no unemployment is at least thirty times as large. Between these two extremes there is a group, about one and one-half times as numerous as the other two combined, and including about 5,500,000 men and 1,700,000 women, among whom employment and unemployment are intermittent. In this group the degree of unemployment is not uniform. Among at least half the group unemployment is almost negligible, and it becomes serious among only about 10 per cent." If these figures are even roughly applicable to the American situation, as they probably are, they show that a limited plan of unemployment insurance, covering more than 75 per cent of the workers of the country, could have been kept solvent even during the post-war years.

It follows from this exhibit as well as from our general knowledge of unemployment that chronic unemployment is not properly insurable. The several hundred thousand unemployed coal miners, who may never again find anything like full employment under decent conditions in the soft-coal industry, cannot be kept indefinitely insured without exhausting the resources of the unemployment fund and thus hastening its insolvency. Because such employees in sick or declining industries face long periods of total unemployment, for which there is no immediate remedy, everything should be done through organized public relief and the provision of facilities for vocational guidance and industrial training to promote mobility and their absorption into other industries. By thus classifying the unemployed and adjusting the methods of handling the problem to the peculiar needs of each group, unemployment-insurance principles and administrative procedure are already taking the first step in what is destined to become a vast elaboration of the machinery of unemployment relief and prevention.

Recognition of the necessity for unemployment classification as an indispensable element in unemployment insurance accounts for the character of the Wisconsin unemployment-reserve law and for the type of plan recommended by the Interstate Commission on Unemployment Insurance. The Wisconsin system undertakes primarily to meet the problem of the permanent or regular employee. From a fund amounting to 2 per cent of the weekly pay roll, such employees will receive moderate benefits during limited periods of unemployment. While highly irregular and casual employees are also eligible to benefits under this plan, their total possible benefits are bound to be too small to do them much good, and the community and industry will be forced to devise further provisions for the treatment of the various types of chronic unemployment.

Limitation of the right to benefit as a means of insuring the solvency of unemployment funds and of classifying the unemployed does not, however, touch the equally important problem involved in making unemployment benefits available when they are most needed. If we may judge by universal experience, we may safely assume that no plan of unemployment insurance so far devised can possibly yield benefits for all types of unemployment. The ordinary workingman with a job in an insured industry is normally exposed to one or all of several forms of unemployment—the unemployment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

due to seasonal slackness, the loss of job due to the introduction of machinery, and the prolonged idleness associated with general industrial depression. Unless, in the circumstances, provision is specifically made for each of these contingencies, workingmen may find, as they often have, that they have exhausted their right to benefit at a time when they are most sorely in need of unemployment relief.

For this condition there is obviously no simple solution. But attack on the problem consists in arriving at a clean-cut decision as to the purpose of an unemployment-insurance plan. In the early history of nearly all unemployment insurance, no distinction was made between the many types of unemployment, and, consequently, the liberal payment of benefits for seasonal unemployment, for instance, left the fund in many cases with totally inadequate resources either at the beginning or during the early stages of a severe business decline. With the accumulation of experience it has become clear that the wise policy is to lay aside as much as possible against the extraordinary upheavals of industry and to make only the most moderate compensation for the normal unemployment experienced in good times. Accordingly, in considering the revision of the unemployment-insurance rules in one seasonal industry, it has now been proposed that the waiting period—the period which elapses between the beginning of unemployment and the first payment of benefit—should be extended from one to three weeks a season, or six weeks a year. The effect of this rule is to regard forty-six weeks as a normal year's employment in this industry. If, then, the rule had been in force in the six years preceding this depression, the insured workingman would have received smaller benefits before 1930; but, insurance reserves having been built up, benefits would have been much greater during the past two and a half years, the period of greatest unemployment.

The use of unemployment insurance as a method for the prevention of unemployment or for reduction in its amount is still more a matter of theory than of practical experience. On the failure of the English plan to encourage prevention, there seems to be in this country almost general agreement; and the English failure in this respect is usually attributed to the method of the national unemployment pool. Accordingly, American proposals, by analogy with the terms of our workmen's compensation acts, either provide for insurance by industry and the adjustment of the premiums of individual employers within each industry to their employment records, or they provide outright insurance by individual firms. The Wisconsin law is of the latter type. By its terms, each firm is required by law to set up its own unemployment reserve into which it contributes 2 per cent of its weekly pay roll. Out of this reserve the firm pays benefits for a limited period of time and under specified conditions to its unemployed workingmen. Where, however, the reserve reaches indicated amounts, the firm may either reduce its current contributions or, where the reserve has mounted still higher, may discontinue payments altogether. The payment of premiums is not again resumed until the reserves have been reduced by amounts also specified in the law. By thus imposing responsibility for the unemployment of his work force directly upon each employer and by offering him financial incentives to regularize employment, it was hoped to achieve progress in the prevention of unemployment.

How effective such incentives will be can be learned only from experience. If we may judge by the degree of employment irregularity in this country and by the intensity of the business depressions of the past, it is doubtful that any considerable stabilization can be achieved through unemployment insurance alone. Serious attempts to control business during a boom, on the theory that control then exercised will mitigate the severity of the next collapse, are less likely to be made through the instrumentality of insurance than by the regulation of the operations of banking and investment. Coupled with such control, it may then be entirely feasible and sound to extend existing unemployment-insurance arrangements by imposing a substantial tax on the expansion of pay rolls and by using the proceeds of this tax not alone for the payment of ordinary unemployment benefits but, more especially, for the provision of adequate separation or discharge wages.

Unemployment insurance of the future, then, is bound to assume a variety of forms. All forms should involve the careful definition of the risk of unemployment and strict limitations on the right to benefit. The details of each insurance system will be in large part determined by its purpose. Where the essential purpose of the plan is the regularization of employment, it will provide moderate benefits for the unemployed and financial incentives to the employer. In such plans premiums into the unemployment reserves will be necessarily paid by the employer alone. The reserves, moreover, designed to mitigate the effects of chronic irregularities of employment among regular employees, will be of little help in long spells of unemployment.

As a source of relief against the unemployment of business depressions, unemployment funds must be assured a substantial period of accumulation. They must also be very large in amount. For the accumulation of funds of this nature, premiums should be paid by both employers and employees and their combined premiums should not be less than 3 per cent of the total pay roll. These funds, moreover, if they are to yield adequate benefits during prolonged depressions without the assistance of public subsidy, should not be drawn upon heavily in times of normal business. Depression reserves of this kind must be administered strictly as insurance funds and must be protected against unpredictable and excessive demands for benefits by the device of a long waiting period, by the enforcement of all restrictions on the right to benefit, and by the elimination from the scheme of all unemployed who are unable to satisfy statutory requirements.

These, in bare outline, are the principles which, in my judgment, should guide American experiments in unemployment insurance. At the best, insurance can in no sense be regarded as a solution of the unemployment problem. It is at the same time an effort toward greater stabilization of employment and the more decent and constructive handling of unemployment relief. Under the most favorable conditions, also, it will be rare that unemployment-insurance systems, however universal and compulsory, will be in a position to furnish adequate relief to all of the unemployed. There will for some time remain, in normal as well as in depression times, a residuum of unemployed unable to find jobs and ineligible to insurance benefits unless the principles of sound insurance practice are violated. The support and industrial rehabilitation of these unemployed, and the task of returning them to industry, are the proper and sole functions of the state, to be financed not out of insurance funds but out of the income from taxation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia's New Religion

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Moscow, March 28

THEY are tearing down the churches as fast as they can in Moscow and Leningrad and dozens of other places where the Bolsheviks are driving the revolution ahead at full speed. In some cases the buildings are being converted into clubs or museums or garages or wireless workshops, but whether they are preserved or torn down, it is apparent even to the casual observer, despite the pictures of pious peasants crowding to services that are so eagerly exhibited here, that the churches in Russia, certainly in the cities—and my impression is that it is only less true in the villages—are a thing of the past. The rising generation, the Young Communists who already constitute the spear-point of the revolution, are militant atheists to whom Christianity is simply a medieval superstition. "They are not pulling down the churches here so fast as in Moscow," I remarked to my Young Communist guide the day we were in Vladikavkaz, in the northern Caucasus. "No," was his matter-of-fact reply; "they are not so progressive." The one sensation aroused in him by the few religious services we saw was apparently one of astonishment that people could be so silly and superstitious; to him the observances meant less than nothing. I was told repeatedly that the children, even in the villages, will not be seen in the churches for fear of incurring the ridicule of the other youngsters, and that in some cases they openly make fun of the religious observances of their parents. Certainly for a country that only a decade and a half ago was so completely dominated by its priests, the Russia of today is an astounding spectacle, and you have little difficulty in believing the eager Young Communists who tell you so positively, just as they tell you everything else, that religion is dead in their country. At any rate the religion of the Russian Orthodox Church has every appearance of being as dead as a whole keg of door-nails, to say nothing of coffin-nails.

Yet I came out of Russia with the feeling that the one really living religion in the world today is at work in Russia. John Haynes Holmes recently returned from three months in Europe to declare that "historic Christianity, if not dead in Europe, is rapidly dying. . . . the Christian churches are everywhere approaching their end, and in some cases have already reached it. Organized religion in Europe, Jewish as well as Christian, is a pathetic spectacle." Most observers outside the church would perhaps hesitate to pass so sweeping a judgment, but the decay of the historic religions as an effective social force is plain enough. I will content myself with the assertion that there seems to me to be one religion in the world that is living, growing, and functioning effectively day by day. That religion is communism. Such an assertion, I am well aware, will make the Communists foam at the mouth, because they use the term religion to denote only a system of organized superstition at the service of the capitalistic state, a religion such as the old Russian state church embodied. But religion is much more than that, and, in the sense of the term that is socially important, communism holds a unique place among the religions of the twentieth century.

The important thing socially about a religion is that its beliefs, resting not essentially on the evidence of the senses, be held by its adherents with an intensity sufficient to make them do something. If they are not, then that religion does not amount to much. It is very possibly on this ground that Mr. Holmes sweeps organized religion out of the door. When Christians become the same sort of people, for all practical purposes, as non-Christians, when they think and act like non-Christians, then Christianity has ceased to be a powerful social force. In all candor it must be admitted that that is the situation today. It is not so with communism. Communists act differently from non-Communists because they think differently, believe differently, feel differently. They deny the old faiths, only to affirm their own the more intensely. That faith is none the less the heart of a religion for the fact that it scornfully rejects all supernaturalism and professes for its theology a militant atheism. Like the devotees of other great religious movements in their prime, the Communists are possessed of a somewhat mystic inward faith that has only contempt for such of the hard realities of life as do not fit that faith, and they therefore proceed to make the realities fit the faith. In fact, it is in Russia, and in Russia alone today, that we are witnessing the faith that removes mountains.

But communism has not only the inward faith and the surge of feeling that mark the great religions. It has also its body of doctrines and formulas. It has its saints, its prophets, and its martyrs. It has even its college of cardinals and its pope. And if its doctrine of infallibility is not exactly that of Rome, there is certainly no place in the world where heresy brings more swift and sure excommunication than in Russia today.

Like all the great religions, communism has embodied itself in a personality. In the face of all the manifold difficulties that twentieth-century knowledge interposes in the way of canonization, it has managed, in the brief span of a dozen years, to make of its founder not only a saint but a demi-god. "I believe in no God, and Lenin is his prophet" might well be the motto of the Russians today. Nowhere else in the world, I believe, is there anything to compare in depth and sincerity with the worship accorded in Russia to the little man who from Smolny and the Kremlin in the short space of seven years made over the destiny of a tenth of the human race. Prominently placed in every city and town stands his statue, mostly in the familiar militant attitude, with hand upraised and thrust forward, in which he harangued the crowd. And in every school and club and theater and public gathering place, even in the little towns, you find a big bust of Lenin, very commonly accompanied by those of the two other members of the Communist trinity, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. And in the shop windows as one goes through the streets there are small Lenin busts, dozens of them, ready for the eager buyers who take them home to replace the ikons of older days. Literally millions of pictures of Lenin look down on the Russians wherever they go and whatever they do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And every evening, summer or winter, rain or shine or snow or bitter cold, as the hour of seven approaches, poorly clad figures may be seen moving with hurrying feet from every direction through the Red Square and forming themselves silently into an orderly endless line to wait without movement with an endless patience until the clock strikes, and then move slowly down the steps of that marvelous dark mausoleum with its eternal guard of red soldiers, to file reverently past the great glass case where they may gaze for a moment on the mummified face and figure of the man who embodies for them the revolution and its spiritual meaning. And those who were still in the long line outside when the clock struck nine today will simply come again tomorrow, thousands on thousands each day paying their tribute of love and worship. In all the world there is no more impressive sight. Every day his words are read by multitudes, and "Lenin said this" or "Lenin taught that" is the last word to be said on any question. There was a time when Jesus was accorded a like reverence by his followers.

Its martyrs communism has by the scores and hundreds. In the big cities and in the little places, too, one finds always the monument "To the Victims of the Revolution," the men and women who lost their lives in the proletarian cause in the long years of revolution and civil war. Their names sometimes are graven on tablets where they fell, and sometimes are perpetuated in the nomenclature of streets and public squares. Always their deeds and their death are celebrated with oratory and waving red banners, and their memory is kept green by the pious recital of their sufferings.

Like other religions, however, communism has its demonology as well as its hagiology, and as in other religions, some of the most unlovely and dangerous features of communism appear in connection with its demonology. Just as good Christians, in the days when they took their religion seriously, tortured and at need drowned or burned witches and other poor folk unlucky enough to be possessed of devils, so do the Communists, and with equally good conscience, starve off and exile and if necessary execute their fellow-countrymen possessed of the seven devils of bourgeois psychology, the incurable devotion to private property and all its works. I do not instance the slaughter of bad landlords and other property-owners in the first fierce years of revolution and counter-revolution. I prefer to call attention to the systematic suppression of the intellectuals down to this present year of grace, and most strikingly of all, to the "liquidation" of the kulaks in this the high tide of revolutionary success and confidence—the calculated, ruthless stamping out of the whole class of rich peasants, numbering millions of households. The Communists deliberately tax them to death, confiscate their property, exile them by the hundreds of thousands, literally let them starve if necessary—and all with that cheerful Russian cruelty that seems to reck almost nothing of human suffering. And why? Because the mind of the kulak is hopelessly filled with the wrong ideas, so that he hinders the coming of communism in its fulness; because he is possessed of the devil of capitalism, only they prefer to call it by a more high-sounding and modern name. Cruel, fanatical? Without doubt; but perhaps it does not become the descendants of Cotton Mather and other New England worthies to be too forward in casting the first stone.

But communism has not only its saints, its martyrs, and its demons; it has also its priesthood, who guard the purity of its doctrine and see to it that its adherents perform their duties. When "the party" has spoken, dissent is stilled. Let the individual member think what he will, once the decree has gone forth, "deviation" is punished with a rigidity and a severity that know no distinction of persons. The case of Trotzky is best known to us in the United States, but the records of a dozen years are filled with like instances of those who were not true in doctrine or in deed to the revolution as the revolution is understood by the sagacious body of men who stand as its ultimate interpreters. Let one of that group itself be guilty of deviation, and he is thrust into outer darkness, it may be until such time as he repents, it may be forever. Rome in its prime never knew more effective excommunication.

Just one other feature that communism shares with the earlier religions. When Lenin declared that religion is the opiate of the people, he referred, of course, to the way in which it dulled people to the sufferings and injustices of this present world by promises of happiness and glory in the life to come. Religions generally have paid their debts by checks on the bank of the future, and because they have been wise enough to date those checks after death, nobody has yet been able to find out whether the paper was good or not. Now communism fiercely rejects all truck with another life than this, but it is exactly at one with its supernatural competitors in compensating its devotees for today's privations with tomorrow's promises. "Russia is no place for anybody who wants things today," my Young Communist guide said laconically one day as we were discussing the complaints of a disillusioned ruble-American who had not found that country quite the worker's paradise he had anticipated. What, short of a religious zeal, combined with centuries of inurement to suffering, could possibly induce a people to put up with what the Russians are enduring today in the feverish determination to carry the Five-Year Plan through in four? And if anyone is inclined to complain, the answer is ready: "Tomorrow, when the new industrial plant is in operation, it will be better, and before too long we shall come to the Communist heaven where there will be plenty of everything. Just tighten your belt a little more." Here is precisely the same hope for the future, only with a new scientific and industrial jargon, that has made religion a powerful social force through all the ages. From the practical standpoint of today's results, what difference that the savior is the tractor and the automobile factory instead of a Judean mystic, that the future is five years off instead of five millenniums, and that the reward is an abundance of bread and shoes for everyone instead of the personal glory and the houris of Islam or the golden streets of St. John's New Jerusalem? In either case the people still work, and if need be, suffer today, patiently, cheerfully, even enthusiastically—and tomorrow there will be fresh hope.

In dealing thus with some of the features that communism has in common with the historic religions, I have no wish to overlook its differences. It is only that from the practical standpoint of social action they are relatively unimportant. Communists fiercely reject the supernatural; yet they have a fiery faith in their system and a sure confidence in its ultimate triumph that rings them round with defenders no less invincible than the celestial hosts that have aided the righteous in every struggle from Joshua's long contest with Amalek in Rephidim down to the Battle of Mons. Com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED - - - -

munists spurn the decrees of pope and synod; but they bow the knee and the neck to the ultimate decisions of Moscow with a complaisance and a faith that pope and synod might well envy. Communists laugh at all theology and profess themselves the devotees of an absolutely hard-headed materialistic science, but they act in the light of a systematic and idealistic intellectual construction of the future (I am aware that they would declare it scientific) that would put to shame the best creations of Jonathan Edwards. And so it goes throughout the list; the resemblances are far more important than the differences. Socially speaking, the important thing about any real religion is not, as Lenin suggested, the way in which it drugs the people, but the manner in which its adherents undertake to work out its ideal of the future in the life of today. The Inquisition was a function of churchmen's idea of heaven and how to get there. The Russian Revolution is a function of Communists' idea of a future ideal society and how to attain it.

From this point of view I should like, in conclusion, to look at just one of the main doctrines of the Communist theology, the idea of class struggle, with its corollary of the inevitable triumph of the working class, the oncoming proletariat. Who would study it in detail in its classic exposition will of course turn to Karl Marx's "Capital," a book regarded with vastly more reverence in Russia today than is accorded the Bible in supposedly Christian lands. Never, I venture to think, has there been a more striking example of the power of one of those ideas to which Georges Sorel gave the happy name of social myths than in this notion of inevitable working-class triumph. The Russian worker and peasant, for centuries the object of a merciless exploitation, the creature of a cruel and corrupt government and an irresponsible aristocracy, beaten with the knout of the tax-gatherer, exiled, if he rebelled, to the dreary wastes of far-off Siberia, and always drugged with the false promises of a venal and wealth-cankered church, was awakened by the drum-fire of revolution to a fierce and burning hatred of the chains with which in his ignorance and superstition he had been bound by landlord and capitalist, by gendarme and soldier and priest and czar—awakened to a sudden hope of throwing off those hated chains, to a growing consciousness of his own power to throw them off when united with his fellows, and finally to a sure confidence in the inevitable triumph of *his* revolution over all those oppressors so conveniently lumped for him under the caption of the bourgeois class. Small wonder at the volcanic force of the outbreak and the almost unbelievable success that has attended it up to this point. Small wonder that the Russian worker, in the light of his experience at home and his lack of real understanding of conditions abroad, looks forward confidently to a similar triumph of the proletariat of other lands. And small wonder that the Young Communists, these burning firebrands that now constitute the torch of the revolution, these boys and girls from sixteen to twenty-five who all their lives long have known nothing else than revolutionary Russia—small wonder, I say, that they are throwing themselves into the movement with a passionate fervor, an invincible faith, an innocent devotion like nothing else so much in history as like that strange, wild, beautiful story of the Children's Crusade. May it not have an equally tragic ending!

Patrick Geddes

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

PATRICK GEDDES, who died at Montpellier in the south of France April 17, was one of the few men of indisputable genius produced by Britain in our time. He would have called himself first of all a naturalist; and on the whole it was of his absorption in the sciences of life that one was continually aware when listening to the music of his Scottish voice and looking into his deep eyes of Celtic blue. But no label could serve for Patrick Geddes. He was wonderful and inexhaustible: a brilliant intelligence, a spirit of the finest temper, a maker of visions, a weaver of spells. And for some thousands of men and women scattered about the world his memory is a possession that can never fade or be impaired. He used to say that he was known as a fellow who pulled the bell and ran away. His friends were apt to put it otherwise. They said he had foreseen more, and started more creative enterprises, than any man of his epoch.

Geddes was a pure Scot, born at Perth in 1854, and by instinct a wandering scholar. Nothing seemed to him more absurd than that, in an age when universal science had replaced the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, the student should be a graduate of a single university. Hence he worked in the London laboratory of T. H. Huxley, in Germany earned ringing encomiums from Haeckel and Virchow, and made himself equally at home among the marine biologists of the French coast and in the group of geographers and social analysts headed by the brothers Reclus. In the light of his later amazing florescence it is curious to recall that his first reputation was made as a specialist. He found an almost ideal collaborator in J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen, and their book on "The Evolution of Sex" was, for English-speaking students at all events, a door into a new world of inquiry and understanding. Geddes and Thomson made a pair of astonishing opposites. At intervals during forty-five years they worked together, and in the last stage they completed the big "Principles of Biology" in which a reader who happened to know both men may amuse himself by examining the sections and their joints. What Geddes needed more than anything else was a partner like Arthur Thomson in the adventure of the social sciences, into which, during the second half of his life, he threw himself with unresting energy and with a steadiness of purpose joined to a power of improvisation that was a continual marvel to his friends. This partner, however, he could never discover. In Edinburgh and London, in India and Jerusalem, and latterly at Montpellier, he brought together a company of enthusiastic disciples who believed—and quite rightly—that there was no such master of knowledge and ideas as he, and no such interpreter of man in society. But it would still be true to say that Patrick Geddes was a lone thinker and explorer. So far as I know, he did not succeed in winning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over any important sociologist to his basic ideas or to the use of his method. His books on sociology and civics, apart from his brilliantly concrete special reports and reconstruction plans, are not expressive of his extraordinary mind; and to me it was always a matter of stumbling that this vivid and sardonic assailant of academic science, and of the endless forms of what he called necrology, should at times run into an orgy of cacophonous terms hardly less awful than the enemy's worst. When he was indulging himself in this fashion, no listener unacquainted with the real Geddes could have been made to believe that here was a wondrous interpreter of life and habit, who held a bunch of magic keys and whose insight at its best was unsurpassed.

It is just a quarter of a century since, in London and at the Sociological Society, I came first into intimate contact with Professor Patrick Geddes. It was a delight to work with him, and a terrible worry. His professorship was a small affair of botany, at Dundee, but as a great newspaper remarked, he was, like Carlyle's most famous hero, Professor of Things in General. He had established the Outlook Tower as a laboratory of sociology and civics on the castle hill of Edinburgh, had founded university halls of residence, been a pioneer of summer schools, had led an onslaught on the slums and a crusade for the redemption of the Old Town, and had started an original publishing house. In London he was an apostle of workers' education, a founder of the eugenics movement, undeniable first leader in the new craft of town-planning, and creator of the method of regional survey—that is, the study and systematic remaking of city and neighborhood upon the basis of their organic relationship. He saw man as made by his world and molded by his occupation; a man is what he does.

Patrick Geddes was a flame of thought and inspiration, darting in all directions. His personal associations were world-wide. He appeared to know everybody who counted, to have the entree into every gathering, commanding the means of approach to any power in the provinces of education and social effort. When Europe plunged into war he turned to the East, gave some years of service to India as teacher and social planner, and then found at Jerusalem an opportunity for designing the Hebrew University as a unifier of ancient faiths and center of a new humane culture. Later still, and this was his last enterprise, he set out to revive the Scots College at Montpellier, with the idea of relating it directly to such organs of a renascent Asia as Tagore's international college in Bengal.

This brief and rough summary of Patrick Geddes's activities must sound to most American readers like the outline of a career lost through an incessant change of direction. Certainly he was the victim of an almost unlimited energy, which spent itself along a hundred roads. And I regard it as a tragedy that he could never transfer the colors of his thought and the jewels of his talk to the printed page, and that he failed to devise any means of giving available form to the diagrams and paper-foldings by which he would hold his listeners enthralled as he flew from point to point of his discourse. I do not know how a genius of this kind could have been imprisoned and preserved for posterity; and we must, perhaps, be reconciled to the conclusion that Patrick Geddes was one of those who, having inestimable riches to share with their fellows, can bestow them only through the light of the mind and the flash of a defiant deed.

In the Driftway

THE Flight from the Machine has already been mentioned in these columns. It is probably safe to say that one modern city dweller out of every three casts longing eyes in the direction of the country at fairly frequent intervals. The energy of the city gets on the nerves at some time or another of all but the hardy few perennial and incurable urbanites. Especially is this true in the spring. The sight of a city tree faintly alive with small green buds arouses such nostalgia for the open fields as only clean country air can cure. A friend of the Drifter's is planning to see the year around on a Connecticut farm. The proposal is greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by everyone who hears about it. Those who have lately tried wintering out of the city are eager to recount their experiences and to protest that never once did they feel the need of any but rural entertainment. There will be countrymen enough for whom this probably naive conception of rural delights, mostly as yet unsampled by city dwellers, will be incomprehensible. Winter fields, late autumn, newly perceived spring are old stories to them. But the harassed urbanite will still dream of them, will still, in many thousands of cases, long for the day when he can watch them uninterrupted, will believe that a constant preoccupation with the weather, which living in the country inevitably affords, is the sweetest employment that man can hope for.

* * * * *

THE next best thing, the Drifter believes, to living in the country is to be a faithful reader of the *Countryman*. This magazine is a fat, green-bound quarterly published in the English Cotswolds. The April number, a sizable affair of 272 pages, costing 2s. 6d., offers the usual variety of practical and romantic articles about country living. It discusses nearly everything under the sun, from the taming of a wild young sparrow to the state of rural England in 1982. There is a description of life on an island off the Welsh coast, where the author and his family, together with some thousands of migrating birds, are the only inhabitants. There are excerpts from a petty cash book kept by a country gentleman in 1765, which range from the purchase of a "Birth Day Gown" at £50 to two guineas for "cleaning my teeth," not to mention 6s. for a "Pound of Dry'd Apricots," 10s. for "Two Loads of Dung," 5d. for an ounce of coffee, ½d. for "A Boy opening a gate." There is a discussion of the Decay of the Scots Tongue, of what to look for in buying a child's pony, of how to proceed with digging a well, and of the conduct of a well-managed and successful inn, the requirements of which are "14-16 hours a day; some capital with which to have good food ready and to waste; a mind for the tiniest details; . . . to have had first a good time in life oneself; and a natural, not enforced love of the job."

* * * * *

TO the Drifter these subjects, taken entirely at random and by no means exhausting the range of the *Countryman's* interests, are fascinating reading. The adventures of the Welsh islander he has followed with affectionate appre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciation for several issues. Not by any means a bird fancier himself, he nevertheless reads the *Countryman's* tales about birds with as much delight as he does its account of water supply, the best way to plant a garden, and how the servant problem in the country can be approached. In a year of hard times, when vacations may be curtailed and country living more difficult for city people, he recommends the *Countryman*. Its publication address, in case any of his readers are inclined to purchase a sample copy and see for themselves, is Idbury, Kingham, Oxford, England. It is unfailingly interesting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Krutch on Mr. Shaw

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot understand Mr. Krutch's attack on Shaw's personal character in your columns. Shaw is, I suppose, a wealthy man, and he fights for his royalties, I am told. But he does not live luxuriously. That he befriended St. John Ervine I know because Ervine told me this himself some years ago. Frank Harris, on the other hand, was a crook. I had the ironic experience of going to see him at the Hotel Chelsea, when he was ordering his white wine by the dozen and at the same time cheating my sister out of the price of two stories that he had bought and printed, bemoaning very much the price of $50 for the two, which he had agreed to send her and never sent her. This is not a "vague rumor." I know nothing of Harris's dealings with other people. But I know that he was a ruffian, as Shaw told him; and I know that he was foul-mouthed and tedious about women, as I told him myself. If I were perversely romantic, I'd see in Harris's penury—penury in a fur coat—a proof that the world's awry, especially when Shaw has triumphed without a single redeeming vice. But it is twaddle to denounce Shaw because he is not vicious. You are not a blackguard simply because you do not smoke and drink and talk loudly about subjects not formerly mentioned in polite society. It simply disgusts me to see *The Nation* print such a mean-spirited attack on a man who, while far from heroic about the war, is in the very nature of things anti-heroic, and only could write "Saint Joan" in an off mood. I can quite see the real romantic case against Shaw, but Mr. Krutch has not made it. He has made a perversely romantic case, and a very unfair one. To describe Shaw as a money-grubber and a success-hound is a caricature that isn't even funny.

FRANCIS HACKETT

Newtownmountkennedy, Ireland, January 7

[Mr. Hackett has reference to Mr. Krutch's review of "Bernard Shaw," by Frank Harris, which appeared in *The Nation* for December 23, 1931. Through an inadvertence his letter was not published promptly on its receipt.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Mr. Hazlitt on Mr. Dos Passos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who recognizes, and laments, many of the over-zealous errors of the literary Communists, yet who sees in communism the one approximation to a reasonable ordering of the instruments of the machine age, and as one who has long regarded Henry Hazlitt as a critic of balanced intelligence, may I protest vehemently against his review of "1919" by John Dos Passos? Not that Hazlitt is guilty in his review of any humanist-fascist callow arrogance or any middle-class American vicious stupidity. Not at all. His estimate is thoughtful; it is good description; it is almost true. But it conveys no sense whatever of the *impact* of the book. Hazlitt apparently admired it as a work of art, but remained completely unmoved by it. Thus he slights the most remarkable of Dos Passos's powers—the gift of persuading his reader by the fierceness of his wisdom.

My criticism of the critic can take another direction, one possibly more plausible. I suspect that Hazlitt *was* stirred. But so powerful is the insistence of the liberal intellectual's position—which demands that he appear calmly reasonable in the face of a tornado—that he pulled his punches. It's the old inner check operating in different circumstances.

Hollywood, Calif., March 25 JOHN BRIGHT

Leon Trotzky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that Joseph Freeman's review of Trotzky's first volume of "The History of the Russian Revolution" in *The Nation* of March 16 should not go unprotested. Objectivity in historiography is more often a vice than a virtue, writes Mr. Freeman, echoing Trotzky. And that is true. It is the favorite vice of the intellectual coward who leans back "impartially" because he is afraid to indict what is obviously rotten. But there are highly complex phases of contemporary history which we had better study "objectively" unless we wish to make fools of ourselves. And the titanic struggle between Stalin and Trotzky can by no means be "correctly" estimated at present by "Marxian" dialectics. Roughly speaking, Stalinism does not differ from Trotzkyism so much tactically as it does psychologically. Stalin may have borrowed, as Trotzky's friends insist, a good deal of the latter's critique and put it to work. But that is not important. What is significant is that Stalin did represent by and large the reconstructive urge of the revolutionary nation. He put the country to work, sublimated much of the international revolutionary fervor of the Russian people into talk, and pursued a cautious, skilful international policy. He did not go back on his revolutionary views, but he harnessed them to the strengthening of the "Socialist fatherland."

About Trotzky the fashionable thing to say is that he is a revolutionary poet, a sort of red Joan of Arc in trousers, a flaming prophet of revolt. The invidious implication is that he is unpractical, historically irresponsible, a Socialist romantic. All that is quite nonsensical. He is no doubt a much less practical party politician than Stalin. But unless one makes of Marxism a Jesuitical theology, he is by far a more brilliant contemporary Marxian and social student in general; he is the most superb journalist in the whole history of that estate; he knows the Western industrial world a great deal better than his revolutionary enemies; and time and again he has proved himself a sound prophet. His prediction of the MacDonald fiasco way back in 1925 now appears uncanny. The Northern European and the Spanish revolutionary movements are paying increasingly more attention to him than to Moscow. His influence in the present German crisis is, from the revolutionary point of view, growingly greater than Stalin's. Today this amazing exile on a Turkish St. Helena is becoming the most important revolutionary leader in Western Europe. It is probable that in the next decade the Communist parties the world over will move toward Trotzky, for his position permits them greater cultural autonomy and revolutionary self-consciousness. Who is right, Stalin or Trotzky? The future historian is likely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to show that both of them were tremendous spokesmen of authentic forces in their day.

But Mr. Joseph Freeman already knows. Being a professional Stalin yes-man, he knows that Trotzky is a counter-revolutionary, full of "unresolved contradictions," conceited, and a thoroughly bad "Marxian." And the only way Mr. Freeman could gather all this knowledge from Trotzky's history is very simple. He twists it all out of shape. When he writes that Trotzky's "History" is one "in which personal satire takes precedence over economic factors, and in which all leading revolutionary figures appear as shortsighted, stupid, and timid with the exception of Trotzky, the nameless heroes of the revolution, and—of necessity—Lenin," then all one can say is that Mr. Freeman conveys a deliberately false impression of the book. Trotzky is keeping his own personality almost incredibly in the background; he evaluates with a sort of dazzling fairness all significant revolutionary leaders; and when he insists that the Bolshevik leaders, from the Kerensky revolution to the mid-summer of 1917, were far more confused than the lesser and often nameless proletarian Bolsheviks, he is merely telling the simple historic truth. Over and over again Trotzky shows that the masses could not have moved the way they did toward the October revolution without the intellectual and strategic influence of the Communist Party from 1903 on. And when Mr. Freeman, with amazing gall, calls Trotzky a "caricaturist" rather than a historian, then, indeed, all great writers are caricaturists for imparting the color of their personality and the incisiveness of their biographical and social judgments to their writings. As to Trotzky's "differences" with Lenin from 1903 to 1917, they are, for one thing, by no means so important as they appear to Mr. Freeman, for Trotzky was not a Menshevik but a go-between between the Bolsheviks and the left Mensheviks; and, for another, if these differences did not bother Lenin in 1917, it is hard to see why they should annoy Mr. Freeman in New York City in 1932 in passing judgment on a surpassingly brilliant history of revolution.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Newton D. Baker: Just Another Good Article

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have no doubt received many letters of praise for your article on Baker in *The Nation* for April 13. This is a letter of criticism! In the first place the article is disappointing for the reason that it is too short. I was disgusted when I got to the end, because the piece is so illuminating, fascinating, and beautifully done, with both objectivity and passion, that it is a pure treat, and I felt like cursing you soundly when you ended my pleasure by closing. It is a really great characterization—I mean really great.

New York, April 7 AMOS PINCHOT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to drop you a line to tell you what a masterly article you wrote on Newton Baker. It is important not merely because of its timeliness but because of the general principles you laid down for the real judgment of men who seek political preferment.

New York, April 11 NORMAN THOMAS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on your splendid and accurate write-up of Newton D. Baker, the modern Vicar of Bray.

Baltimore, April 13 SAMUEL DANZIGER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Newton D. Baker article is the finest controversial sketch I have read in a long, long time. It definitely places you with the great writers of our time, and I say this as one who admired Baker and once worked with him. No one without an intense realization of the truth he uttered could have written the piece. Many congratulations.

Fayetteville, Ark., April 12 CHARLES J. FINGER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Newton Baker is the finest piece of analytical writing on American personalities in many a moon. It is a superb and priceless job. It stands out head and shoulders above anything of this kind I have seen in many months. My sincerest congratulations and appreciation.

Washington, April 8 ROBERT S. ALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your remarkable study of Newton D. Baker: Just Another Politician. I cannot refrain from adding my word of appreciation to one of the best pieces of political analysis and one of the most eloquent instances of moral appeal I have ever read. I want to express to you directly the indebtedness I feel for this courageous service at an hour when straight thinking and outright speech seem to be at such a discount in public life.

Los Angeles, April 13 ROBERT WHITAKER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please accept my profound congratulations for your article on Newton D. Baker. I do not find myself agreeing with everything you say but I hail and applaud the courage and vigor with which you say it. We need a revival of this type of penetrating analysis and journalistic backbone.

New York, April 11 M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I hand you an uncalled-for word of praise for your eloquent article on Newton D. Baker? You certainly can write when you get around to it! I don't know anybody else who can do that kind of thing so well.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 14 MAX EASTMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish earnestly that I had sufficient of your literary ability to express to you my wonder and admiration for that ability as expressed in the story of Newton Baker and Woodrow Wilson in the April 13 *Nation*. I have read many exposures of well-known men of their type, but never before one equal to this.

Arden, Del., April 11 FRANK STEVENS

For Readers in Lancaster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will *Nation* readers in Lancaster who are interested in a discussion group write or visit me at 107 Pearl Street.

Lancaster, Pa., April 1 JOHN WEAVER

A Correction

The article on Hitler by Karl Radek, in *The Nation* of April 20, was taken from the Berlin *Tagebuch* and not from the *Weltbühne* as erroneously stated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors to This Issue

LEO WOLMAN is the well-known economist in charge of the research department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, has spent the past year traveling in Germany and Russia.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is the well-known British publicist and lecturer.

EDWIN SEAVER is the author of a novel, "The Company."

GARDINER C. MEANS, of Columbia University, is co-author of "The Holding Company, Its Public Significance and Its Regulation," and of a new book "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," to be published soon.

ECHO LAKE TAVERN
A Camp for Adults in the ADIRONDACKS
WARRENSBURG N. Y.

Decoration Week-End
4 GLORIOUS HAPPY DAYS $22
No Extras—Everything Included
1. Round Trip Fare
2. Dinners aboard train.
3. Busses to and from Camp.
4. Feasts — Fun — Sports
Specially Chartered Thru Train
Leaves Grand Central Friday, 6.15 p.m.
MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!
New Attractions . . . . New Personnel . . . . New Policy
For Information Apply New York Office
270 BROADWAY or Tel. BArclay 7-2888

Other Resorts on page 526

By ROBERT NEUMANN

PASSION

SIX
LITERARY MARRIAGES

which illustrate
the heights and depths
of Man's experience
in Love

SHELLEY . . . STRINDBERG . . . GOETHE
DOSTOIEVSKY . . . BYRON . . . BALZAC

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., N. Y. $2.00

Finance

The Bond-Purchase Plan

THE latest effort to do something helpful for business has taken the form of an enlarged schedule of government-bond purchases by the Federal Reserve banks. Since the end of February these purchases had been averaging about $25,000,000 a week, whereas the most recent reports show that this has been stepped up to the large total of $100,000,000, bringing the aggregate holdings of Treasury securities by the Reserve banks up to $1,078,000,000. Under the recently enacted Glass-Steagall law the banks can substitute government bonds for gold as a portion, up to 60 per cent, of the collateral required as security for circulating note issues. It was generally supposed that this law was intended to free the hands of the banks in exporting gold, if foreign claimants should demand uncomfortably large amounts; but the new powers come in handily in connection with the new program, for the gold thus potentially freed can be used for buying bonds quite as well as for export.

If the plan now in operation is merely another effort to make money easy and plentiful by pumping credit into the market, and thereby encourage privately owned banks to lend more liberally, it will be confronted with the same difficulty as has existed all along. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink, and you can offer the banks limitless Federal Reserve credit but you cannot make them lend. Even in Washington, it is said, a pained realization is beginning to dawn that inflation cannot be created by fiat, nor by persuasion.

The new program, however, is widely understood to contemplate something more than suasion. Carried to the limit, purchases of government issues by the Federal Reserve would denude the market of that particular type of investment which the individual banks are most eager to own at the present time, since they distrust most other types. Eventually (in theory) the commercial banks will have sold out all their government bonds, paid off their debts, and converted a great part of their earnings assets into cash, which produces no revenue. What then? Nothing will be left but for the banks to pay off their depositors and stockholders and go out of business—or to turn to those investments which they are now unwilling to acquire. In a word, they will be obliged to lend money and buy corporate bonds.

Thus stated, the scheme looks too neat, by far, to operate with full effectiveness in a world of surprises and hurly-burly. For one thing, it contemplates that the Reserve banks are prepared to absorb whatever amount of government securities may be necessary to accomplish their purpose, and it is far from certain that the government will not continue to offer its obligations in large amounts. Further, instead of seeking to buy government bonds and notes, the member banks as lately as last winter were heavy sellers, and even now the tide of liquidation in bank loans and general investments is running strongly. Whether this tide can be halted by the market operations of the Federal Reserve, or whether something more sweeping is required, no one can tell.

But the new plan may produce results. Assuredly it will, if it happens to provide the one particular thing that an ailing business world needs at the present moment. Business, at the bottom of its depressions, reacts to various stimuli, depending on what is fundamentally wrong with it. The fact that there is no general agreement as to what is wrong makes the choice of remedies an uncertain business.

S. PALMER HARMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books, Art, Music, Drama

Summation

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

I

By just that incommunicable word,
So hard to say, so little to expect,
We lost what cannot always be inferred,
Forever answerable to a pride unchecked.
Strange that so rich a silence could not speak.
While darkness held us, I could feel again
Your breath fall evenly upon my cheek,
Waiting what might have made that vigil plain.

But sleep will steal away all good intent,
And afterthoughts defeat us. Who shall say
How passion's vain gratuities are spent,
If they be wasted on another day?
That thing so nearly uttered might have been
More golden than the sunrise flooding in.

II

I can endure what seems, in sober truth,
The futile picking of a rusty lock,
Call by a name less brutally uncouth
My own condign submission to that mock
Marriage of flesh and spirit, which has left
Us fumbling at a blank, impassive door
With hands that once were delicately deft,
Whose touch could open, whose caress restore.

I say I can endure because I know
Love will be tender only as it must
Take home the thing it suffers to forego.
Our foreheads marked with ignominious dust,
We can be wise and gentle, having borne
Full measure of self-pity and self-scorn.

Youth Also Is Doomed

The Doom of Youth. By Wyndham Lewis. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is the most prolific ideologist of our day. He generates classifications, terminologies, and even systems almost as naturally as he breathes, and he appears to be ready at a moment's notice to give a totally new interpretation of almost any social or intellectual phenomenon which happens to be mentioned. One naturally distrusts anyone whose bright ideas are as numerous as his, but he writes in so sparkling a manner that I, at least, always find myself swept along on the tide of his ingenious exposition, and I know no books which provide more sheer intellectual diversion than his do. He can plunge debonairly into the midst of feminism, modern literature, and the new physics, only to emerge a few pages later with a complete philosophy of each, together with all the necessary links between them. Somehow the Gertrude Stein stammer is shown to be the result of that same perverse confusion of space and time which Professor Alexander is responsible for, and somehow the upper Bohemia of the Russian ballet is uniting with feminism and the Sherwood Anderson Cult of Childishness to bring about the downfall of the family. Every phenomenon gets a name and a place, and everything is very clearly not at all what you had previously supposed that it was.

"The Doom of Youth" is one of Mr. Lewis's minor works. It is not so closely reasoned as "Time and Western Man" or "The Art of Being Ruled," and it takes in less ground than either. But its interpretation of the "youth movement" is characteristically ingenious, and what Mr. Lewis has to say is briefly this: What passes today for the liberation of youth is really only the result of a technique of enslavement. Even graybeards, it is true, are proclaiming the necessity for putting "youth at the helm," and Italy as well as Russia and Germany is looking to young men. Trotzky said: "The education of the young is for us a matter of life and death"; and "In Italy the Roman Papa and Duce squabble from morning till night over boy scouts and girl guides." But in these cases it is evident enough that the old are merely trying to use the young for their own purposes, and the same is true in an only slightly less obvious way in the case of all those who seem so anxious to celebrate the superior capacity of the young in industry or affairs. Real youth is the time of irresponsibility, of living for living's sake, and no one who really respected it would desire to make youth otherwise. But the Economic Mind has at last discovered that youth is also the period during which energetic labor is sold at a cheap price. Young men, like women and Negroes, do not have to be paid as much as mature white men who have families. And since, under modern industrial conditions, most labor is of a sort which requires mere energy rather than experience or wisdom, it becomes obviously desirable to replace mature men—who are always expecting advancement—with fresh young animals.

The Economic Mind first discovered this important principle in connection with "natives" of one kind or another. It discovered it next in connection with the women whom it persuaded to enslave themselves by holding out an illusory promise of "freedom," and who, as a matter of fact, shortened their skirts less to show their legs than to dress themselves in a fashion suitable to labor. But neither of these discoveries was as important as the discovery of youth. Age is to be cashiered only because it costs too much, and youth is to be put "at the helm"—that is, made to perform those routine tasks for which alone modern organization has much need—because youth has not previously been scientifically exploited. The whole is merely part of a gigantic struggle between the forces which respect life and the forces which respect nothing except economic production. The "youth" that marches in fascist parades and the "youth" which enrols itself in the ranks of the Young Pioneers is no longer, in any human sense, really young. Economics is attacking not merely the workers' "standard of living" but the whole human standard of living. And when the world has been fully organized in a truly efficient manner, we shall no longer have time to be young or even to be human beings at all.

"The Doom of Youth" is eccentric, extravagant, and cocky. But it is also brilliant, and this brief summary can give no idea of the richness or the ingenuity of Mr. Lewis's argument, or suggest what I believe to be his chief charm as a writer—namely, the fertility of his illustration and the neatness of his ideological system. Even the most doctrinaire Communist could not present a more completely watertight interpretation of phenomena, or present it more glibly. And so far as the pure entertainment value of an ideological system is concerned, that of Mr. Lewis has a very distinct advantage—one always knows what a Marxian is going to say, but it takes a very nimble mind to get a step ahead of Mr. Lewis's expositions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dry Hollows of the Mind"

Poems. 1928-1931. By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

ALLEN TATE is distinctly a modern poet, both in his technique and in his choice of subject matter; expert in the handling of conventional poetic form, expert, too, in he treatment of the principal modern theme, the sterility of the nind, separated, as it is now, from the emotions. But there is omething which keeps much of Mr. Tate's poetry from being uthentic and powerful. He is actually one of the best examples f what must happen if the mind becomes dictator over poetry; e is, in a way, a very sterile poet.

What seems to go on when Mr. Tate writes a poem is this: The poem, in its first form which never meets the reader's eye, s probably a fairly direct statement of a feeling or an idea. As uch, it might, if allowed, communicate itself directly and with lassical simplicity to the reader. Then Mr. Tate, I suspect, ooks at it and says: "This will not do. I have not given record ere of the modern intricacies in this idea; I have not shown he conflicting associations it must arouse, I have not abstracted rom this feeling or situation its philosophical and intellectual application." Whereupon he begins, I think—and this is all purely hypothetical—to rework his poem. He reworks it many times, until not a single remnant of the original emotional impulse from which it may have started is left. The final result is purely a statement of the "mind's briefer and more desert place," "an abstract rage," comment on the "animated dead," drawn from the "hollows of memory" and wearing "the long claw of flesh-devouring time." In many of Mr. Tate's poems, then, when they reach print, we find, even as his own images indicate, the most complete sterility possible, sterility of feeling expressed in sterile imagery of the twisted and turning mind, sterility which is no "passion of the mind," but the utter exhaustion of any feeling whatever.

I am not objecting to Mr. Tate's obscurity; he is obscure, but so are many other modern poets whose lines sting with emotion, even though one cannot translate it immediately into a prose paraphrase. I am objecting to that obscurity which is due, in the Alice in Wonderland image, to Alice's concentration:

> Bright Alice! always pondering to gloze
> The spoiled cruelty she had meant to say
> Gazes learnedly down her airy nose
> At nothing, nothing thinking all the day.

If the poet would stop gazing learnedly down his nose at nothing and thinking all the day, he might write very much better. Several of Mr. Tate's poems, most notably "Ode to the Confederate Dead," "Death of Little Boys," "Elegy," "Mr. Pope," are given us without the poet's having first sucked all the blood out of the lines. These are excellent poems; these show the poet as master of his medium, certain of his subject and his vision concerning it. But the other poems, both in his first book and in this, are highly mannered, a little decadent, reminiscent too (I do not mean imitative) of manners, moods, even of rhythms used authentically by other modern poets. Mr. Tate as critic has digested all these modern poets; he has felt them, they have become a part of him; and Mr. Tate as critic cannot separate himself from Mr. Tate as poet. The result is that he goes the other poets of the "Wasteland" outlook and the sophist manner one better. If they feel the death of emotion with a pang, he presents it as an intricately defined blank; if they feel time as a shadow upon youth, and with real terror, he analyzes time as a logical conclusion. Always he attempts to be, at one and the same time, the logician and the poet. Sometimes his thinking is merely clever, involved, mannered, pseudo-intellectual. The mind simply cannot do the work for a poet. Clever reasoning, sound or unsound, is not great poetry. Many a poet has, indeed, been an unsound reasoner, for a poet's way of seeing things is so direct, leaps so many gaps, arrives so immediately at the heart of the experience, that if it is blocked by exposition it is distorted. Now when the mind is so constantly active as it is today, and the feelings so questioned, the only poets who can express both the feeling and the mind's immediate criticism of it are those who at times allow the feeling to leap suddenly free in a kind of passionate declaration of itself, and then present the reasonable mind and its destruction of that feeling—the smoke, as it were, after the flame. Reading such poems, one actually feels the flame and sees the smoke. Mr. Tate very seldom gives the reader this opportunity. He sees the flame before we do, and throws his intellectual cloak over it before it may shoot upward. And all the reader observes is Mr. Tate, the cloak, and the smoke coming from under the cloak.

EDA LOU WALTON

Proletarian Fiction

Men in Darkness. By James Hanley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Boy. By James Hanley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THESE two books, the first a collection of stories and the second a novel, introduce a new Irish writer of indubitable power and daring. Mr. Hanley is a man of the people; like Arthur Fearon, the tragic young hero of "Boy," he was already a sailor at the age of thirteen. His books deal exclusively with the proletariat, with sailors, stokers, longshoremen, with boys wrenched from the schoolbench and put to labor at the most obnoxious of men's jobs, with old men frantically hiding their years for fear of being sacked and dumped into the poorhouse, with the desolate misfits of life.

The most perfect story in "Men in Darkness," and the one that most adequately determines the tone of the rest of Mr. Hanley's work, is the opening novelette entitled simply Narrative. No more vivid or more terrible story of the sea has ever been written. Narrative tells of men and boys hard up for jobs in war time who sign on a mystery ship bound for an unknown port. The ship is torpedoed, and we follow the destinies of its wretched crew until the last of them, abandoned in the desolate waste of fog and ocean and crazed from drinking sea water, go down. For most writers, to tell this much would have been sufficient and more; not so for Mr. Hanley. The cries of the doomed men are taken up by their wives and mothers and sweethearts on shore as they storm the building of the shipping company, venting their agony and grief on the helpless clerks there until the shipping building becomes a veritable wailing wall.

The novel "Boy" tells the story of a sensitive and intelligent lad of thirteen who is taken from school by his parents and sent to work on the docks. After a single day of filth and horror the boy leaves home and stows away in the coal bunker of a freighter bound for Alexandria. Here again he runs up against the inhumanity of men who have been brutalized by their early experiences and by the enforced abstinence of ship life. At Alexandria one of the crew takes the boy to a brothel, which is to say, to his death. The end is inevitable but appalling.

Mr. Hanley's realism has the impact of direct experience; it is terrific and remorseless. At the same time it is informed with a compassion and a profound pity that are even more overwhelming than the author's remorselessness. Perhaps the finest single thing about his work is his ability suddenly to illumine the character of even the most degraded of his people with a flash of humanity as piercing as a finger of light in the blackest depths. Mr. Hanley's style at its best achieves a starkness of language, a clangor and stridency of timbre, and a sheer driving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eloquence that are extraordinary. His work is still uneven, however, tending to drag on the lower levels of intensity and to overreach itself on the higher. That the author has not as yet quite mastered his demon is seen most plainly in the tale of John Muck, where what promises in its early pages to be a powerful story of "poor people" is permitted to get out of hand and to degenerate into ordinary melodrama.

EDWIN SEAVER

Who Controls Industry?

Concentration of Control in American Industry. By Harry W. Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

Frankenstein, Incorporated. By I. Maurice Wormser. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

The Masquerade of Monopoly. By Frank Albert Fetter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

DURING the last century American economy has developed from a system of private enterprise involving a multitude of small competing units to a system of corporate enterprise made up of relatively few huge aggregates of workers and of wealth. Trite though this statement is, it describes a change of revolutionary importance, the implications of which are only just beginning to be dimly perceived. Until recently analysis of economic activity has continued to be for the most part in terms of private enterprise, as though the modern corporation were essentially an overgrown partnership. Today writers are beginning to analyze modern industry in new terms. It is against such a background that we must consider these three new books dealing with the change in the character of enterprise and the problems it has brought.

Toward the examination of this change, Dr. Laidler's book, though it is the least pretentious, contributes the most. His purpose is modest—to give a close-up, factual picture of the extent of concentration in each industrial field, so as to provide a solid basis for intelligent thinking with respect to the structure of American industry. This he proceeds to do with a precision and clarity which carry the reader through a mass of necessary statistical material with unabated interest. One after another, he covers the major industries, outlines their recent history, names the few huge companies that are in a dominant position, indicates the extent of their control, and shows the composition of the remainder of the industry. The cumulative effect of this process is to leave no question as to the character of modern industry. No longer are we dealing with enterprise which can be analyzed in the old terms of competition and individual initiative. Whatever new terms may be developed, the old have ceased to apply.

Starting with natural resources and the industries growing out of them, he shows that half of the anthracite coal is mined by four big companies, that half of the steel industry is carried on by two companies, half of the copper industry by four companies, and that nickel and aluminum production are both conducted by virtual monopolies. In the field of public utilities, the bulk of railroad transportation is supplied by the great systems. Communication is almost completely monopolized. Three groups of companies control more than half of the electric-power output, while three corporations dominate the new air industry. In manufacturing, two companies make nearly two-thirds of the automobiles, two backers handle over half of the meat crossing State borders, three tobacco companies control 70 per cent of the cigarette trade, one company makes half of the agricultural machinery, two companies make half of the electrical equipment—and so it goes, from industry to industry. In all, two hundred companies control practically half of our corporate industrial wealth.

Following this tour of industry, the author takes us to the financial centers. Here Dr. Laidler is less convincing. Starting with the Pujo report as a basis, he adds discussions of the more recent developments, such as bank mergers, chain and branch banking, investment trusts, and insurance expansion. His discussion is blurred, however, by the fact that he draws no line between concentration of economic control by investment bankers and the concentration of banking resources. He finds italics required for the statement that 1 per cent of the banks in the country (or 250 banks) control 46 per cent of the banking resources. This he seems to regard as a great concentration. Yet in the British Isles five banks control 67 per cent of the banking resources, three control 70 per cent of banking assets in Canada, and concentration nearly as great has developed in Japan, France, and Germany. Compared to other countries, our *banking resources* show only a mild degree of concentration. On the other hand, it seems quite probable that the concentration of *economic control* has progressed to a far greater extent in the United States than in the other countries mentioned, with the possible exception of Japan. The picture of concentration in the financial centers would have been clarified if these two aspects had been sharply distinguished.

The importance of this distinction cannot be too strongly emphasized. On the one hand, concentration in the banking field has lagged behind that in other fields. On the other hand, the concentration of economic control—which is for the most part separate from ownership—has progressed to the point where approximately 2,000 men control more than half of industry. The more influential of these men are in turn members of the investment-banking groups which dominate the financial centers. The concentration of economic control is thus a concentration in the financial centers and in the hands of men who also dominate the major banks, but, relative to the country as a whole, it is not a great concentration of banking resources. The distinction is in part that between bankers who carry on an active banking business and the men who dominate industry, including that of banking, most of whom fall into the class of investment bankers. It is not concentration of banking resources, but of economic power in the hands of a relatively few men who are only in small measure owners of the wealth they control, that constitutes the important concentration in the financial centers. The realization of this distinction brings with it important implications with respect to the possible methods of social control.

The failure to recognize this distinction somewhat weakens the final section of the book, which deals with the possible developments of the future, particularly with respect to the social control of industry. Following a short sketch of the efforts at the regulation of industry, of the increasing distribution of ownership, and of the changing character of competition, Dr. Laidler closes with a statement of the three courses which to him appear to be open. On the assumption that the concentration of industry will continue, his three possible courses are (1) to leave the great industrial giants free from social control; (2) to bring them under an increasing measure of government regulation; and (3) to socialize them through the medium of government ownership. Though he makes no plea in favor of any one of these three choices, he points out that the concentration of industry has in many respects reduced the difficulties which would be involved in the socialization of industry through government ownership. What he leaves out of account is the changed character of industry, due to the development of control as something apart from ownership, which makes possible lines of development not included in the three given above.

Unlike Dr. Laidler, Professor Wormser attempts to present an answer to the problem raised by the modern corporation—an answer which fits into none of the three lines sug-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gested by Dr. Laidler and which, in the last analysis, appears to be dependent on the changed character of ownership. In his most readable volume, "Frankenstein, Incorporated," he sketches the history of the corporation as an institution, touching on the corporate conception of Roman and Canon law—the *societates* and *universitates*—mentioning the chartered companies of the Tudors, and describing the new business association called forth by the Industrial Revolution, particularly as it developed in America. This is followed by discussions of the rival theories of the nature of the corporation, of the advantages of the corporation as a form of business organization, and of the abuses to which it is subject. A chapter on the encroachment of the corporation on the professions, particularly that of the law, a cursory examination of the anti-trust cases, and finally a chapter on the Corporations and the People complete the volume.

Throughout, Professor Wormser finds the solution for the lesser problems raised by the corporation in part in the acceptance of greater responsibility by those in authority and in part in greater regulation by the state. He believes that corporation lawyers, who draft the over-liberal charters of today, must adopt a new credo. "They must be made to realize or be forced to realize their obligations and responsibilities to the community" (p. 93), though he doubts if many living will see such a development. Equally he suggests that corporations "must realize, or be made to realize, that they owe an affirmative duty to the community which supports them as well as to the state which creates them" (p. 54). At the same time he calls for a uniform incorporation law in all States and the creation of a federal administrative agency to pass on trade agreements and the like, with power to supervise their execution.

Finally, Professor Wormser offers his answer to the more fundamental problem of the modern corporation. "The great corporation today must be viewed as a public trust. . . . Corporations with vast power must accept the social responsibility which accompanies such power" (p. 54). "Corporations owe a special duty to so regulate themselves and manage and control their operations that their employees shall not be left to the mercies of public or private charity" (p. 237). It is "the duty of overlords of capitalism to recall that they are the servants —not the masters—of the people" (p. 238). "The entire conception of the business corporation must be modified in the interests of public service" (p. 240). And finally: "Corporate capitalists, if they would meet the serious situation which confronts them, must regard themselves as 'trustees.' They must look to the welfare not only of themselves, but of the general public. So far as they are unwilling to do so, their parent—the state—must compel such consideration. A socialized corporate capitalism is therefore inevitable" (p. 241). Just how this change is to be brought about we are not told, but the implications contained in the suggestions are far reaching. They point to a fourth line of possible development to add to the three suggested by Dr. Laidler, namely, corporations operated as social instruments for the benefit of the community yet maintained independent of the state.

Professor Wormser makes his socialized corporate capitalism a natural and inevitable development of private enterprise and seems to regard it as consistent with private property, even though it involves corporations operated in part in the interests of the workers and the community and only in part in the interests of the owners. Actually it would seem to involve a serious break with the tradition of private property, and as such to be worthy of consideration as a line of development quite as possible as the three already considered. Just as the "divine right of kings" gave way under social pressure and the kingdom became a state operated ostensibly in the interests of the community, so might the "divine right of directors" give way before a popular demand that corporations be run as quasi-social institutions. The separation of ownership and control has already reduced the probability that the greater corporations will be operated solely in the interest of ownership, and has opened the way to their operation in the interest of a wider group. Though Professor Wormser does not appear to realize these implications, they are implicit in his suggestion. Because of his failure to go deeper, his book remains merely a most readable and suggestive discussion of the corporate institution and not a great contribution to the literature on the subject.

Unlike the authors of the two books already discussed, Professor Fetter approaches the problem of the modern industry with a definite bias. It is his purpose in the "Masquerade of Monopoly" to set forth the iniquity of the basing-point practice of price quotations which appears in many industries, and which he assumes to be a sign of monopoly and to result from a conspiracy to restrain trade. In language reminiscent of the trust-busting days, he traces the practice as it appeared in the great anti-trust cases, filling the first half of the book with this description. The remainder of the volume is devoted to an inconclusive theoretical analysis of competitive markets, to a superficial discussion of mergers, and finally to his recommendation that manufacturers be required to quote all prices on the basis of a mill price at the point of production. The whole theoretical analysis is in terms of the nineteenth-century abstraction "an ideal market" and does not take into consideration the changed character of industry today. Even the single example of actual prices in a competitive market, which he presents to show the entire lack of anything analogous to a basing-point under conditions of free competition, can be used to prove the opposite. A much more thorough factual and theoretical analysis must be made before his conclusions can be accepted.

In spite of the entertaining manner of presentation, the strong bias with which this book is written and the questionable validity of the theoretical analysis destroy much of its usefulness. It contributes little to the understanding of the problems presented by modern corporate enterprise. It can be recommended, however, to the reader who wishes to go on an emotional jag against the "big bold trusts."

GARDINER C. MEANS

Books in Brief

Alice's Adventures Underground. With Illustrations by the Author. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Company. $1.

This facsimile of the manuscript of the original Alice story will be gratefully bought by all lovers of Lewis Carroll. It is an excellently clear reproduction of Carroll's elegant manuscript hand and of his own drawings of Alice and her friends, inferior as they are to Tenniel's famous pictures. One discovers with interest, in reading it, that a number of the best-known parts of "Alice in Wonderland," as it is now read, do not appear in this first version. There is no Pig and Pepper, no Cheshire Cat; the flamingoes used for mallets in the croquet game are ostriches; there is, actually, no Duchess! And the song of the mock turtle and the gryphon: "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?" has replaced in later editions a much milder, yet amiable verse:

Beneath the waters *of* the sea
Are lobsters thick as thick can be—
They love to dance with you and me,
My own, my gentle Salmon!

Salmon come up! Salmon go down!
Salmon come twist your tail around!
Of all the fishes *of* the sea
There's none so good as Salmon!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln. Translated with Introduction and Notes by Marvin Lowenthal. Harper and Brothers. $3.

An honest, whole, brave, strong personality paints itself in this extraordinary book. It has the solidity and forthrightness of a portrait by a Dutch master, and as a discerning eye can reconstruct a whole contemporary culture from the details and background of such a portrait, so, with even more fulness and actuality, can Jewish life at the end of the seventeenth and the first part of the eighteenth century be visualized in Glückel's memoirs. Glückel wrote the "little books" as a means of passing the difficult hours of a long period of sleeplessness, and intended them to be a memorial to her children. Her unconsciousness of a "public" is apparent throughout, and gives the volume intimate immediacy. Native literary gifts give it color and movement. Apart from the impact of Glückel's own personality, two facts become impressively clear: how persecution, humiliation, and restrictions concentrated Jewish life in the family and in the synagogue, and turned the idealism and pride of a strong race inward; and how, through the fact that almost the only relationship between a government and its Jewish subjects was taxation and bribery, money became the essential condition of the life of Jewish communities and fostered the myth of Jewish money-madness. Within the borders of their own community, as Glückel's narrative shows, the Jews lived then with the same liberality that characterizes their freer life today.

The Devil in the Flesh. By Raymond Radiguet. Translated from the French by Kay Boyle. Foreword by Aldous Huxley. Harrison Smith. $2.50.

"The Devil in the Flesh" would be a remarkable novel under any circumstances; as the first novel of an author who was still hardly more than a boy when he died a few years ago, it is extraordinary. This story of the love of a fifteen-year-old boy for a girl slightly older than himself and married to a soldier at the front is told with a delicacy and refinement of style, a directness of intuition, and a precise description of emotion that are a perpetual delight. Probably Radiguet was influenced by the work of Stendhal, and even more by that of André Gide; but the lucidity with which he unknots the tangled skein of adult love and the problems of adolescence—Raymond and Martha face the world as children, but the emotions they experience face to face with one another are entirely mature—is uniquely his own; it reveals the sure touch of genius. Kay Boyle's translation is as excellent as Aldous Huxley's foreword is inadequate.

That Girl. By Jacques Deval. Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. $2.

Chérie at ten "knew what a man of thirty often tries to forget," but it may be supposed that Jacques Deval does not forget that a cinematographic novel of a prostitute and of international espionage in the Panama Canal zone may make a reasonable bid for Hollywood. M. Deval is a clever storyteller; he can mix a tender, ironic, and sentimental tale of a little French prostitute whose sole aim in life is to get enough money together to return to her native land with a thrilling tale of intrigue highly flattering to the efficiency of the American navy's intelligence department. "That Girl" ought to appeal to those who are tired of badly written, hackneyed crime stories; it has all the doubtful virtues of these without ever degenerating into anything lower than the highest-class tripe.

This Man Is My Brother. By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In his new novel Myron Brinig returns to his Singermanns of the crude little Montana mining city of Silver Bow. The time is now 1931. The novel proceeds by a process of taking up the stories of old and new members of the family, weavin these stories into each other, and bringing the varied conflict in which the people are involved to successive crises—the mad ness that overtakes the brilliant and neurotic Ralph, the mar riage of Sylvia to a Gentile, the disastrous love affair of Nin the tragedy, with a racial and homosexual motivation, o Harry. Brinig's writing has warmth and power and sweep The intellectual caliber of his work is high. Yet the novel let us down. Perhaps the fundamental weakness of the book lie in the too-well-rationalized relationship between the severa characters and the dramatic significance of their lives, on th one hand, and the background, themes, and ideas, on the other— as in a propaganda novel. Mr. Brinig is a novelist of emo tional intensity and power, and he might well have left hi overtones of meaning and purpose to make themselves hear as they do in life—not so logically but more poignantly. "Thi Man Is My Brother" remains, nevertheless, a fine novel, quit out of the rut, profoundly moving if not completely satisfying

Art

The World of Florine Stettheimer

THE sensation of the show of the American Society of Painters, Printers, and Gravers at the Whitney Museum this season was surely Florine Stettheimer's witty and satiric apotheosis of popular American art, splendor, and ceremonial entitled Cathedrals of Broadway. All the hieratic domes and columns and beds of golden lights of the Roxies, the Paramounts, the Capitols, and the Strands, and their ritualistic scarlets and golds and parades of uniformed ushers, their banners, "art" galleries, and magnificent custodians, were essentialized in it; and built up into a kind of gaudy shrine about a central rectangle of silver solemnly inscribed with the vulgarly handsome mask of Jimmy Walker opening the baseball season; the derby atilt on his head; the face of him hard as a wisecrack; the baseball offensive in his twisted hand. And the hubbub the picture provoked was a perfectly legitimate one. The "Cathedrals" was observed of all observers not merely for its satiric humor. It is a piercing, an amusing, and elegant piece of work, and very brilliantly pigmented. Originality of idiom distinguishes it from the mass of derivative and compromising pieces necessarily evident in any omnibus show, and certainly not without representation in the exhibition at the little museum. Besides, the rarity of the occasions on which works of its gifted author have been displayed to the public gave the picture the further distinction of novelty, and tended to set it apart from the productions of the other gifted but better-known craftsmen which figured on the many broken walls.

The canvases of Miss Stettheimer, indeed, stand well among the exceptional works of art now being produced in the United States. Their spirit and their style are quite as individual as the technique by which the painter achieves her luminosity of color, marvelously responsive even to poor and to half lighting. There are serious people who claim that she is one of the three important women painters in the country, the other two being Georgia O'Keeffe and Peggy Bacon; and that the three of them compare somewhat as the three typical operas "Tristan," "The Barber of Seville," and "La Belle Hélène" compare with one another—O'Keeffe representing "Tristan," Peggy Bacon the Offenbach masterpiece, and Miss Stettheimer the masterwork of Rossini. From this comparison it will be gathered that the art of the latter lady is an ornate, a feathery, a spangled one,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of trills and coloratura and fioritura. Indeed, it is a witty, an elfish, a humorous affair; almost a Christmas-tree art, but the art of the most tastefully and exquisitely trimmed of all Christmas trees. Those brilliant canvases of hers do resemble gay decorations in colored paper, and lacquered red and blue glass balls, and gilt-foil stars, and crepe streamers, and angels of cotton wadding, and tinted wax tapers. That is because she has a highly refined decorative sense combined with a certain predilection for the ornamental, the frivolous, the festive; indeed, a sense of the poetry and humor and pathos of what is merely embellishing. Many of her graceful, delicate shapes are imitated from festoonery, plumage, tassels, rosettes, fringes, bouquets, and all kinds of old-fashioned trappings. Others are the forms of some Oriental elfin world in which everything is sinuous, diminutive, and tendril-like; and huge bees and dragonflies and glorified insects and all sorts of non-human, vermicular, and winged creatures are the norm. She seems to delight in garish, tinselly, glittering colors; the colors of "paste" and bric-a-brac and paper flowers; and induces her paint to form tiny sparkling brilliants. It is a fabulous little world of two-dimensional shapes with which she entertains us; but beautifully, sharply, deliciously felt; and perfectly communicative of the pleasure with which it was created.

It is an expression of aspects of America, tinged with the irony and merriment of a very perceptive and very detached observer. A number of her paintings represent personal and intimate experiences; for the artist ranges herself emphatically among those who find the personal record one of the opportunities of art. They include portraits of the members of a genteel family circle, and portraits of friends such as Carl Van Vechten, Marcel Duchamp, Stieglitz, Louis Bouché, and Virgil Thomson. Others are Americana: let it hastily be stated that the idea of grandiose documentary caricatures of the land of the free found expression in Miss Stettheimer's art some while before it was popularized by the *American Mercury*. Besides the Cathedrals, this series contains a very dainty Atlantic City Beauty Contest, a Spring Sale at Bendel's full of exquisite, capricious shapes and figures, a golden Beach at Asbury Park, rich in amusing Negro silhouettes; also a Fifth Avenue, a West Point, and several syntheses in a similar vein.

But of course the artist has expressed those aspects of the reality which harmonize with her own idea and way of feeling. Thus, the figures of the family and its adherents have a certain very Parisian dollishness, as befits inhabitants of a rarefied and not quite probable world. The characteristics of the persons and their surroundings are combined in a dreamily fanciful way, and conceived in terms of archaic popular images. The ignorant and devoted Irish nurse stands masterfully beside her dressing-table as beside an altar, and about her head float the cherubically winged heads of the five children she reared and made over in her idea. A romantic sister, her cheeks ablaze beneath huge dream-bewildered eyes, floats through the erotic night, beneath a blazing Christmas tree on the crimson couch on which her dream has stretched her. As for the various floral American fantasies, they are full of marvelously chic and quite diaphanous persons; and if these puppets have the American seriousness mixed with the American childishness, and are all exalted and pompous about ridiculous things, they also have an elegance and elfishness which is not quite of this world, and of one whose inhabitants might have larked in the train of Titania and Bottom. In fact, the values and relations and accents of Florine Stettheimer's art are so fastidious and incorporeal and weightless that we seem to be moving through them upon a planet smaller than ours, some large asteroid swimming joyously in its blue ether—the asteroid "Florine"—and getting both the experience of this delicate, remote little sphere and a sense of the grossness and preposterousness of our own earth.

PAUL ROSENFELD

BANANA GOLD

by Carleton Beals

Author of "Mexican Maze," etc.

There is a high-tempered, hard-fisted, colorful, crafty writing about this story of jungles, guns, the bandit Sandino, the politics and corruption, the coffee ranches, bananas and heat of Central America. Mr. Beals describes his spectacular man-hunt through hot murky tropical forests and sleet wrapped mountains for the embattled Sandino—a story and commentary as fabulous and rich as the travels of Marco Polo. *Colored frontispiece and decorations by Carlos Merida.* $3.00

LIPPINCOTT - PHILADELPHIA

Roget's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

from CROWELL'S

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS of delightful travel $170.50

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week in The Nation

HOUSING and COMMON SENSE

by

Clarence S. Stein

•

"Housing for the lower income groups must become a direct governmental service. . . . We will only have decent communities for the vast mass of the population when our cities—houses and all—are financed and built as public services."

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

Plays to See

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.

Bloodstream—Times Sq.—W. 42 St.

Blue Bird—Cort.—W. 48 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Foreign Affairs—Avon—W. 45 St.

Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.

Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.

The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Globe—B'way. & 46 St.

The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.

There's Always Juliet—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.

Too True to be Good—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.

Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

Music

What Is American Music?

THE festival of modern American music to be held at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, at the end of April will gather together and focus attention upon several members of that perennially discussed tribe—the American composers. In this, Yaddo adds its efforts to those of the lamented Copland-Sessions concerts and of the Cos Cob Press to give the composer what it is felt he needs more than discussion—a hearing. But in sympathizing with these efforts it is not necessary to share completely the indignation with which both the composers and their champions view the meagerness of their representation on regular concert programs. Or to agree with such suggestions as one of their number, Mr. Randall Thompson, in the January *Musical Quarterly,* puts forth—that the contracts of our conductors should require the performance of a certain number of American works.

Who, to begin with, is the American composer? It is claimed on the one hand that men like Loeffler and Bloch are American composers, because for a long or short time they have lived and worked in America. But the nationality of one's personality does not change as easily as one's citizenship. I think no Frenchman listening to Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" or "La Mort de Tintagiles" would suspect any American influence; whereas an American listener can hardly fail to hear its French accent. It is claimed on the other hand—or it used to be—that an American composer must work with American materials—that is, Indian or Negro materials. Now Indian or Negro influences may have worked strongly on composers who lived in particular sections of the country. But Indian melodies were no more natural materials to MacDowell than Spanish dances to Moszkowski or Negro spirituals to Dvorák. And when one uses the word American to describe both MacDowell and the Indian materials he sometimes used, one is simply punning.

Neither living in America nor using American materials is in itself enough to make an American composer—and for the same reason. Nationalism in art may be a fruitful impulse—or an insignificant affectation. To be fruitful it must spring from some real kinship between the artist and the material he uses. The New Englander using Indian melodies and the Swiss Jew using "Hail Columbia" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" are alike internationalists in music. The nationality of their material is an artistic incident—or accident. There is nothing more consistently American about one than about the other, and the value of their music has little to do with the nationality of their subject matter. In a truly national music folk elements are woven into the entire texture of the composer's idiom, so that it is often—as with Moussorgsky, or Haydn—impossible to state where folk music leaves off and composition begins. But no one is likely to take an Indian melody for MacDowell's own, or "Pop Goes the Weasel" for Bloch's.

Nor until our own time has there been a distinctive material that an American composer could call his own. Jazz, unlike Indian or Negro music, is American in the same sense as the composer. He does not have to go off looking for it, transcribing it, recording it, wondering about it, using it in a form and with a significance totally foreign to its original state. It comes to his pen as a natural idiom—one, moreover, that he alone can really handle. On a program including MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Dvorák's "New World Symphony," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," only the last wears its nationality openly and unmistakably. The American composer, working with jazz materials, is for the first time producing truly American music.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not that that is necessarily a virtue. The best reason for listening to the music of an American composer is that his music is worth listening to—judged by standards that have nothing to do with nationality. But Mr. Gershwin and his less distinguished colleagues of Tin Pan Alley, to whom the application of such standards would be disastrous, may justly claim that their music speaks in accents distinctively American, that it could have been written by none but American composers, and that the direct response it awakens in American hearers is its own justification. So far, I think, they are the only ones who can make such a claim. But for them, obviously, no plea for a hearing is necessary.

As for the others—the stress they place upon their nationality is only a reflection of the stress placed upon it, in the opposite direction, by program makers. There is no reason why Carpenter, Copland, Griffes, and many others should be entirely crowded out by Respighi, Tansman, and Krenek. That is no truer in New York than in Rome or Warsaw or Prague. But it is just as true that there was no reason for Mr. Toscanini to play the silly little salon pieces of the American Mr. Chasins last year. A composer's American nationality should certainly not be ground for his exclusion from concert programs. But programs are made for audiences, after all, not for composers, and when music is neither particularly good nor particularly American, I see no reason why its composer's birth certificate should save it from neglect.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Naughty, Naughty

FOR central European comedies of the sort turned out regularly by the Fodors, the Vajdas, and even by Mr. Molnar himself, I have, it may be remembered, no very high admiration. Nevertheless, I must confess that I did acquire a rather greater respect for this dubious genre during the course of "Foreign Affairs" (Avon Theater), which turns out to be a somewhat desperately "European" farce concocted by a couple of Americans obviously bent upon showing that they can be just as sophisticated as the naughtiest Hungarian in all Budapest. One consented from time to time to be mildly amused, but the entertainment seemed conspicuously thinner than even that which is usually afforded by plays of the sort, and to say that is to say that it was very thin indeed.

It used to be said that Americans were too pure to write comedy in this manner. We were supposed to take adultery with an inveterate seriousness and to shy off from the necessity of putting our characters fairly to bed. But no defect of that kind can be observed in the present play. The heroine is not only unfaithful to her husband; she is unfaithful to her lover also. Then, to even things up and to provide for symmetry, the lover is unfaithful to her as well, and his second mistress has besides a later appointment with the proprietor of the inn where the whole company is staying. And yet, for all that, it was hard for the spectator to get the impression that he was being so very abandoned after all. The wickedness lacked conviction, and perhaps the famous Anglo-Saxon tradition really does have something to do with the matter. The authors seemed a good deal surprised at themselves, and almost too pleased with the idea of being thoroughly Continental to remember the necessity of being witty besides. Their characters somehow suggested that they had been rather hastily selected out of a marionette-master's trunk and that the wires were being pulled by none-too-expert hands. One felt, too, that it

PLAYS □ FILMS □ DEBATE

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
REUNION IN VIENNA
a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS.: Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents
EDNA BEST HERBERT MARSHALL
in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET
A Comedy by John van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Evgs. 8.40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present
LESLIE HOWARD
in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune
Staged by Gilbert Miller
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Evgs., 8.40; Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30

THE GROUP
Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th Street
Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, at 8:30 p.m.
DR. FRITZ WITTELS, will speak on:
"Psycho-Analysis in Modern Literature"
This Sunday Afternoon (May 1st) at 4:30 p.m.
Symposium on: "The Theatre of Today"
Speakers: PAUL MUNI; IRMA KRAFT; and others

WALDEN SCHOOL GALA EVENING
Tuesday, May 3rd 8:30 P. M.
at the
New School for Social Research
66 West 12th Street
HEYWOOD BROUN, Master of Ceremonies
Dancing . . . MERKEL'S ORCHESTRA . . . Refreshments

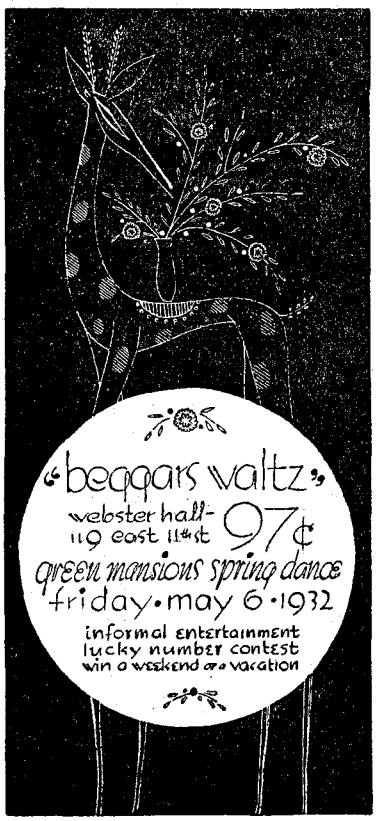
IF YOU WANT TO RENT
A SUMMER PLACE
don't sit down and worry about it—
Put an advertisement in the classified advertising columns of The Nation.
Rates: ½-inch (30 words) minimum $3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62
THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was generally a long time between epigrams, and that even when they came they were not always worth waiting quite such a long time for.

The amiable Henry Hull is the lover of the always amusing Dorothy Gish, and when it is discovered that the irate husband is about to arrive it is decided that, for the sake of the young man's diplomatic career, it would be better if each of the guilty pair should be supposed to be guilty with someone else. Hence the wife makes a sudden assault upon a fabulously rich Rumanian who happens to be passing, and the lover makes up to the only other female available—who happens to be a rather unusually pretty kitchen maid. The scheme works, but it works all too well. The wife dallies in the summerhouse longer than is absolutely necessary, and the lover gets beyond mere acting with the kitchen maid. But where both are guilty neither can refuse too long to forgive, and the curtain goes down upon what looks reassuringly like a happy ending. Besides the actors already named, Osgood Perkins is entertainingly brusk as the Rumanian and Jean Arthur (formerly of the films) is handsome enough as the kitchen maid to explain a good deal. Despite a somewhat wobbly direction, they all do as much as could be expected with the play, but that it not enough to make it more than so-so.

Perhaps those who are interested in the theater would do as well to go to see the exhibition of stage models and paintings referring to the stage which is now being held at the Sidney Ross Galleries for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Some very striking pictures are exhibited. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



For Details—Call CHickering 4-1345
or address: 11 West 42nd Street

WESTERN VIEW FARM
Hospitality that is unique. Send for 1932 Colapsible Booklet. Address Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford 440.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends, TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

□ OPEN SHELF □

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men —sent *free*.
None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City
SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

SPRING MAGIC NOW REVEALS ITS SECRETS
Buds peep out bashfully and blossom under your very gaze. The sod underfoot transforms itself into a wondrous carpet of green. And the air is sweet-scented with the breath of Spring. —All this glory of an unspoiled countryside is just an hour from the stuffy, dusty city.
By railway N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.
BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE
FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

RECUPERATION CREATION
at THE CRYSTAL VILLA
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.
23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone Park Ridge 404.

ZINDOREST PARK
MONROE, N. Y. Phone: 300
A Millionaire's estate crowded with beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers.
Bathing, Boating and Fishing. Tennis, Basket and Handball Courts. Saddle horses and nearby Golf. 1½ hours Erie R. R., Bus or route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

FRIENDLY ACRES welcomes those to whom vacation means relaxation. Real country life. Comfortable house. Home cooking, vegetarians accommodated. Rates $14—$15—$16 a week. G. M. Greene, Croyden, N. H. Season June 1st to October 1st.

FOR complete relaxation, beautiful country, pleasant companionship, wholesome food.
THE HIL-BERT HOUSE, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
Hill Friedberg, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 653

HELP WANTED

HOSIERY — LINGERIE — Sell guaranteed hosiery, lingerie, less than store price, to friends, consumers, etc.; no capital needed; your own hosiery free; biggest commissions; part time permitted. HELIX, 213 4th Ave. (Near 18th).

WANTED: Educated woman as housekeeper in motherless home in country. Especially advantageous terms would be offered to anyone capable of assisting in literary work. Box 654, c/o *The Nation.*

PERSONAL

THE American Gymnosophical Association offers membership to intellectual men and women of cultivated tastes. Our facilities are a private gymnasium and swimming pool in New York City; a lovely 60 acre farm in New Jersey; calisthenics and games under expert ttachers. Kindly send 4c postage for further particulars. Address Box 657, c/o *The Nation.*

CHILDREN—SUMMER

LILLIPUT
A healthy, happy, homelike camp for 4 to 11 year olds.
A lovely house, ideal surroundings, in the mountains, very accessible. The entire staff is experienced in the guidance of small children. Resident physician, trained nurse. Highly endorsed by educators and parents. Group of 40. Booklet. RAymond 9-4145.
Anne Josephson, 1880 University Ave., N. Y.

MOTHER of three, college woman will take two children for summer of directed recreation, manual training—art—riding—swimming, country residence. Ages 6 to 11. Moderate rates. Box 641, c/o *The Nation.*

FAMILY with two children (boy 10, girl 7) having spacious summer home on a lake (fifty miles from New York) would take in board two children, similarly aged, during vacation term. Ideal surroundings, reasonable. Write MS, Room 200, 10 East 43rd St., New York City.

A FEW children from 2 years up can be accommodated in private country home with every modern convenience. Expert care with properly balanced diet and home atmosphere. References exchanged. Reply Box 636, c/o *The Nation.*

POSITIONS WANTED

CAMP DIRECTORS—Intelligent, experienced couple (30), able to supervise all non-athletic activities in adults' or children's camp, wish placement for coming summer. Moderate compensation. Box 650, c/o *The Nation.*

HOUSEKEEPER FOR THE SUMMER
Capable woman with boy thirteen and girl eleven, would take charge of household while parents traveling or ill. Has had both large and small homes, knows simple handcrafts, camping and mountaineering. Offers references from progressive private school near Boston, where her children go, as well as from family with whom they lived last summer. Box 655, c/o *The Nation.*

YOUNG MAN (26); college graduate with training and several years experience in social case work; especially qualified worker with boys, transients, homeless men. Good cultural background, intelligent, sympathetic, capable, understanding, willing locate anywhere. Box 653, c/o *The Nation.*

CAMP COUNSELOR
Tennis Instructor, 30, adult camp experience; knowledge amateur dramatics. Excellent appearance, good mixer, tactful, seeks position. Adult Jewish Camp preferred. X, 226 W. 50th St., N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, born in Russia, American citizen, wishes to accompany someone to Russia, acting as guide or secretary. Write Box 658, c/o *The Nation.*

SECRETARY; manuscript typist; intelligent young woman, wants position for summer, in country; maintenance, small salary. Box 659, c/o *The Nation.*

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS:
Mail your classified ads so they reach us Friday, to insure their appearance in the issue of THE NATION on the stands the following Thursday.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED